

THE IRON PORT

HOME FIRST, THE WORLD AFTERWARD

VOL. XXX.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1899.

NUMBER 42

A BUNCH OF BARGAINS

LOUIS SCHRAM

Offers some exceptionally rare bargains in Winter goods, which have just arrived from the Eastern markets, bought for cash at figures that makes it possible to give patrons some great values for their money. We put money in your pocket.

The Cost of Merchandise is Going Up, but the Selling Price is Going Down at

THE EMPORIUM

A FEW OF THE MANY BARGAINS ARE:

All wool Fireman's shirts worth 2.50 only **1.20**
 1 line heavy all wool men's cassimere shirts **95c**
 1 line heavy all wool men's cassimere shirts **65c**
 1 line heavy all wool men's cassimere shirts **50c**
 1 line heavy jersey shirts, men's **39c**
 Best quality men's underwear strictly all wool **79-89c**
 1 line underwear, heavy fleece, to close **39c**
 1 line latest style men's winter caps **35c**
 Men's woolen hose **10c**
 Best Canada grey hose **35c**
 Canada grey pants in odd sizes, to close **1.00-1.25**
 1 line boys' canada grey pants sizes 27 to 31 to close **79c**
 1 line strictly all wool men's dress pants ox brand to close **1.50**
 1 line heavy lined german mitts **25 to 35c**
 Men's shoes, Mayers make **1.00**
 1 line Sealskin caps sent by mistake, to close **2.50**
 1 Line Fur Capes **1.40**
 The best quality Sweaters Hon-durah make **99c**
 Boys suits ages 10 to 17 long pants to close, strictly wool **1.50 to 3.50**
 1 line knee pants suits, strictly all wool heavy **1.00 to 1.25**

1 knee pants from 18 to 37c for the best
 1 line Childrens and Misses underwear, all sizes to close **10 to 25c**
 20 doz. Ladies black fleece lined hose, a bargain **10c**
 Fur Collarettes **\$1.79**
 3 1/2 pound feather pillows, to close **49c**
 12 quarters silkoline comforters to close **1.90**
 Next quality **1.10**
 Ladies Golf capes worth \$12.00 to close **7.90**
 36 inch wide dress Flannels all shades **23c**
 20 pieces plaids, to close **4c**
 Manhattan plaids, novelty, to close **49c**
 1 line Ladies Shirt Waists all colors **1.90**
 Eiderdown plain and fancy stripes **25 to 39c**
 Saxony woolen yarn to close per skein **4c**
 Appleton all wool 8 oz flannel per yard **29c**
 Shaker flannel all shades to close per yard **4c**
 36 in wide Henrietta dress goods to close per yard **16c**
 1 line odds and ends Selz shoes for Misses and children **35 to 75c**

Sale Begins Today-SATURDAY
 and continues until goods are disposed of.

LOUIS SCHRAM'S EMPORIUM
 823 LUDINGTON STREET.

GENE GODEN IS DEAD

He Passes Away at an Early Hour This Morning of Pneumonia.

He was Well and Favorably Known to the Community, Where He Had Resided for Many Years.—He Leaves a Wife.

The sad information comes to The Iron Port this morning that Gene Goden, well known to this community, in which he has resided for many years, died at midnight last night after a brief illness, pneumonia being the cause. He had been ill since Tuesday. The deceased leaves a wife but no children. Particulars of the funeral are not known at this writing.

TROUBLE IS BREWING.

Legality of the Action of the Board of Supervisors in Hiring Physicians to Be Tested.

It is reported that an action will be brought against the Board of Supervisors to test the legality of hiring county physicians for three years, and the proceedings may result in "knocking out" the Tracy hospital altogether. It is a well established fact that the county has no legal right to maintain this institution, and the question of county physicians, over which there has always been more or less trouble, may cause a discontinuance of the concern under county management, if nothing more. So far as the hiring of physicians are concerned The Iron Port, which advocated the action taken by the board long before the appointments were made, cannot see why county employes cannot be engaged for a term of years. The hospital superintendent is so employed, and why not the hospital physician?

MAJOR BOYNTON HERE.

The Maccabees Tendered Him a Reception He Lectured at the Opera House.

Major N. S. Boynton, Great Commander of the Knights of the Maccabees of Michigan, accompanied by Past Great Commander R. Connor, was tendered a hearty reception by the Maccabees of Escanaba last night. The distinguished gentleman delivered a lecture at the opera house immediately after his arrival at eight o'clock, being introduced to the large gathering by Sir Knight John Cumiskey, who made a few brief remarks in welcoming the major. The commander's talk was upon the subject in which he is most interested—Maccabees—and was pointed, and eloquent at times.

After the exercises at the opera house, in which Past Commander Connor also participated; the Major and his companion were banquetted at Bartley Tent by the ladies of Escanaba Hive, and the time was well spent in social intercourse.

ISHPEMING IS PRACTICING.

The Football Squad of that Town Getting Ready to Meet the Escanaba Eleven.

The Ishpeming correspondent to the Mining Journal has the following to say regarding the proposed football game between the Ishpeming-Escanaba teams next Saturday:

"The football squad is out every night, rain or shine, practicing in preparation for the next important game, which will be played with the Escanaba team at that city on the 28th of October. It is believed that this will be a hard game to win. Superintendent-Ewing asserted after the Ironwood game last Saturday that his team would give the Ishpeming team a stiffer fight for the victory. The Escanaba team is heavy and should be able to outback the local boys, but it is probable that swiftness and science will again tell for the Ishpeming team. The coaches in charge of the Ishpeming organization are not, however, taking anything for granted and are working hard to improve the efficiency of the team work."

Ho's After Business.

Louis Schram, one of Escanaba's pioneer merchants, has an advertisement in The Iron Port today, calling attention to his large stock of winter merchandise and quoting some exceptionally low prices. It will pay you to read his announcement.

Freights and Charters.

A large amount of iron ore was tied up for next season on Thursday and the Marquette rate has settled at \$1.10. Practically all of the Cleveland vessel owners are cared for during the coming year and the shippers are said to be well covered up. There is still a good demand for vessels

for special trades. From Escanaba to Buffalo 10 cents advance is paid over the Ohio rate. A dozen small tows were placed for Escanaba during the past two days at \$1 to Ohio and \$1.10 to Buffalo. The present market is quiet and the situation is unchanged all around.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

General Matters of a Religious Character Concerning All Denominations.

M. E. church, corner Wolcott and Hale streets, Sunday services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Pastor Kerridge will conduct services. Morning theme, "A bible school;" evening theme, "Enthusiasm." Sunday school at noon. Epworth League at 6:30. Thursday evening prayer meeting. All citizens and strangers are cordially invited to attend any or all of the services of this church.

There will be the usual services in the Presbyterian church on Sunday. In the morning Rev. Dr. Todd will preach on "Reasoning together with God." His evening subject will be, "The Place of Love in Religion."

The new Presbyterian church will probably be dedicated the last Sunday in November. Arrangements to that effect are now being made.

The new Swedish Methodist church is fast approaching completion. It will be a credit to that congregation. The addition to the Episcopal church will greatly improve that edifice.

GUNTER & SONS WIN.

The Action Brought Against Them Under a City Ordinance Dismissed.

Last month the common council promulgated an ordinance known as 82, relating to slaughter houses and offensive trades, the object of the ordinance being to prevent H. Gunter & Sons from conducting a packing house on the alley off Ludington street. After the passage and publication of the ordinance the firm was arrested under its provisions, and the matter was taken into the circuit court this week. Gunter & Son admitted the allegations of the complainants—the people—allowing the case to go to the judge without argument or defense. Judge Stone held that this particular firm was not held responsible to the ordinance, it having been passed after the packing house, or slaughter house, had been in existence for some time.

TRANSFERS OF REALTY.

A Number of Pieces of Delta Dirt Changes Ownership During the Week.

Recent real estate transfers, recorded with the register of deeds, are as follows: James B. Goodman to R. F. Goodman 280 acres in Bark River township, consideration \$560; C. S. Davis to Geo. Gallup north one-half of lot 5, block 67, city of Escanaba; consideration \$1,500. J. S. Peter to James Larkin south one-half of the north one-half of lots 11 and 12, block 7, Rapid River; consideration \$100; Daniel Wells, Jr., to Bridget Murphy, lot 3, block 95, city of Escanaba; consideration \$475; Eliza Conklin to Daniel Olson, 40 acres in Section 27, township 39, range 24; consideration \$650.

If you would have the best at the lowest prices you will necessarily have to go to Schram's.

LEGAL NOTICES.

First Publication Oct. 21, 1899.
ORDER OF HEARING FOR GENERAL PURPOSES AND FOR APPOINTMENT OF AN ADMINISTRATOR.—State of Michigan, County of Delta, ss.

At a session of the Probate court for said county, held at the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, on the nineteenth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

Present, Honorable Thomas B. White, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Joseph Limoges deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Edward Discol, creditor, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to him or some other competent person.

Thereupon it is Ordered, that Monday, the 13th day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And it is Further Ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

T. B. WHITE,
 Judge of Probate.

A true copy.) Nov 11, 1899.

WANT COLUMN.

FOR SALE—Part or all of that property belonging to the Presbyterian society on Wells and Douglas streets. For information apply to either Dr. Long, M. K. Bisell or Rev. Dr. Todd.

WANTED—Several bright and honest persons to represent us as Managers in this and close by counties. Salary \$50 a year and expenses. Straight, bona fide, no more, no less salary. Position permanent. Our references, any bank in any town. It is mainly office work connected with horse. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. THE DOMESTIC COMPANY, Dept. 3, Chicago.

GENERAL CITY NEWS

General Municipal Gossip Gathered Here, There and Elsewhere.

The Iron Port Reporters' Weekly Grist of Interesting Information. Gathered in Their Daily Rounds of the City. In Condensed Form.

Judging by its unwarranted "fling" at the county board, the Escanaba Journal, sometimes styled a newspaper, objects to the maintenance of the county fair. If there was a fish-pond within its gates the Journal wouldn't be ferriest it.

Fred Smith was given a hearing at Rapid River, on Tuesday, on the charge of assaulting a man named Hestoff. He waived examination and furnished bonds in the sum of \$1000 for his appearance in the circuit court.

Dr. Reynolds now occupies his handsome new residence.

Some of the eighth grade pupils of Miss Oliver's grade were transferred to Mrs. Ellsworth's grade this week, Miss Oliver's room being too crowded.

The W. C. T. U. met at the home Mrs. Robt. McCourt on Monday to make comfort bags for the lumber camps.

The Manistique and Gladstone football teams play at Gladstone this afternoon and a number of the High school pupils went over to see the game.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Broad rejoice over the advent of a baby boy. One can't touch Harry with a 10-foot pole.

Advertisers should bear in mind that The Iron Port has more readers in Delta county than any other one paper.

E. P. Radford of Hermansville was in Escanaba yesterday.

The total number of deaths in Delta county for September is recorded as 26.

Licenses to wed were issued yesterday as follows: Lazar Potvin and Nellie Lancour, both of Rapid River; Adolore Pilon and Caroline Perron of Escanaba; Joseph Perron, of Schaffer, and Octavia Chartie, of Escanaba.

Judge Stone granted a decree of divorce in the case of J. N. Collins vs. Mrs. Kate Collins.

Mrs. J. H. Cannon has returned to New London after a pleasant visit with Mrs. Ed. Donovan.

Miss Gertrude Farrell is at home from Howell.

Jos. Mallman & Co., a new firm at Rapid River in which John P. McColl is interested, is doing a good business.

Local bowlers should organize a club.

The Iron Port will publish the county treasurer's report next week. It is a lengthy document.

The Elks will hold a meeting next Thursday evening.

Mr. Wixson is building an addition to his photograph gallery.

The Carp River furnace, at Marquette, after being idle eight years, went into blast this week. The product of the furnace will be fifty tons a day.

Miss Lizzie Glaw, the female professional bicycle racer who has been seen in this city, and who was seriously hurt in races at Zanesville, Ohio, a few weeks ago as a result of a bad fall, finally succumbed to her injuries. She was well known to local people and was one of the foremost women racers.

Jerry Driscoll is at the county hospital with typhoid fever.

Mrs. Henry Adams visited her parents at Carney on Wednesday.

M. W. Moriarity of Crystal Falls was in town yesterday.

School Commissioner Legg spent a portion of last week across the big bay, visiting the schools of Garden township.

Over one hundred Gladstone people came down on the Lotus last evening to attend the lecture by Major Boynton. A number from Rapid River were also in attendance.

The three year old child of Mr. and Mrs. M. Cline of Kipling died Thursday of typhoid fever and was buried Friday afternoon. Mrs. Cline is confined to her bed with the same disease.

Wm. LaFond of Vap's Harbor passed through Escanaba this week to visit friends at Kipling. He will settle at Kipling for the winter.

The Woman's Club will meet with Mrs. A. H. Rolph this afternoon, instead of with Mrs. Long, as stated elsewhere.

BILLY TELLS OF THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF GIRLS



BILLY, you might as well own up," I said to him. "To use one of your own expressions, I'm onto you bigger'n a house."

"What is this you're handin' me, a joke?"

"Nothing of the kind. I saw you last night just as you passed a street lamp, but you didn't see me."

"Was I by my lonelies?"

"I should say not."

"Did you get a flash at the fairy that was with me?"

"I didn't get a good look at her, but she seemed to be all right."

"Well, you know me! That's the only kind I go out with at all—the 'all right' kind. I don't mingle very often, but when I do I want the best."

"Who is she? What's her name?"

"Never you mind. I've lost two or three already by tellin' too much about 'em. If I tell you where they grow, you're liable to go and pick one that I've been savin' for myself."

"Yes, but I'm too old to think of getting married," I said.

"They're never too old. The older a man gets, the more he gets foolish, an' when he's real foolish he's in a hurry to go out an' get married."

"I'll promise not to interfere with any of your plans," I said.

"I'll tell you who she is, then. Her name is Gracie, and she works for old Hopkins the banker."

"What does she do?"

"I don't know, but I think she's a French maid. Her father was born in

"Oh, I can do purty well for a young fellow if I happen to bump into the fight kind. But I have to size 'em up a little while before I know just where I'm at. You see, there's so many different kinds of girls that it takes a wise guy to keep tab on all of 'em. Now, I like a girl that's on the level. I can't stand for one of these totties that lives around on a back street somewhere an' tries to make you think that she's a hot society queen. I've met many a one of that kind. She tries to get away with these long words an' falls all over herself. You'd hear her talk about her folks an' you'd think the old man was president of a bank instead of bein' foreman in a street gang. Then there's the girl that wants to be fresh with you, but won't stand it if you try to be fresh with her. I've met that kind time an' again. When you first meet her she begins makin' a strong play to win you out. It don't make no difference who you are, she wants you. She's after anything that looks like a man. She wants to mash everything in sight. She'll make you think that you're the only picket on the fence an' she'll hang to you until you think that you're the solidest thing on earth. But just the minute that you start in to play your end of the game an' be just as lovin' as she is, she begins to give an imitation of a piece of ice. She's what I call a bad trifter. I've had my experience an' now when a girl tries to make me think that I'm a hot favorite, so I'll go ahead an' let her play me, I just tell her to duck out an' hunt up somebody that's easy."

"Really, Billy, you know more about women than I supposed you did."

"Oh, I've had my eye on a few of 'em. I'll tell you another kind that don't make any hit with me. It's one of these



"I'M A REGULAR CRIPPLE WHEN IT COMES TO DANCIN'."

Ireland, and I suppose that makes her a French maid. She's an awful swell little girl, though."

"She seemed to be."

"Yes, an' as keen as a whip, sound as a dollar an' sharper'n chained lightning, as they say out west. Here's a funny thing, you know. She's workin' for this Hopkins family. Old man Hopkins has got two girls over there that's got money enough to stuff a mattress. When the old man shuffles off they'll have a houseful of the long green. As it is, they've got the hottest togs that money can buy, an' jewelry all over 'em, an' the more dog they try to put on, the jayer they look. Them two girls ain't got any more natural style than a couple of draught horses. They may be good girls, but their looks is against 'em. Why, my little friend without any silks or jewelry simply puts them out of the runnin'. If she only had the coin, she'd have all the Johnnies in town hangin' around the house."

"But you like her, even if she hasn't any money," I suggested.

"I'd like her none the less if she had a barrel of it. Don't think I'm down on people that's got the rocks. Not for a minute. If this girl had the dough an' thought as well of me as she does now, I'd marry her before she had time to change her mind. As it is, I've just about got the price of an oyster stew, an' she's in the same class, so I think the two of us'll probably trot in single harness for some time to come."

"Where were you going when I saw you?" I asked.

"We were on our way to a dance."

"Can you dance?"

"Can I? I'm a regular cripple when it comes to dancin'. I'm the dremiest little thing you ever saw movin' about on a floor. Every move a picture! That's right. I'm what they call the idol of the women an' the envy of the men. Yes, sir; when I get a grape-vine lock on a warm piece of calico I ain't nothin' but a good thing."

"Really, I'm surprised," I said. "I never thought that you were much of a ladies' man."

girls that thinks somebody wants to steal her. Every time you speak to her, she looks scared, as if she wanted to fly up into a tree an' hide there. If a man happens to be comin' along the street behind her, it's a dead cinch in 'her mind that he's followin' her an' she's got it just about figured out that he's goin' to chloroform her an' carry her away in a hack. Now you know an' I know that a woman's purty safe in this country as long as she minds her own business, an' when I see a woman that thinks she's scared to death every time a man comes within a block of her, well, I don't believe it, that's all."

"I suppose Gracie is all right," I suggested.

"Oh, Gracie has her faults, the same as the rest of us, but she knows how to take a joke an' she can purty well take care of herself at any stage of the game. She ain't no ten-cent flirt an' at the same time she don't work that bluff of bein' so innocent that she's afraid to go out alone. Anyway, she knows that bluff wouldn't go with me. It makes a good deal of difference who a girl is with. Some of 'em carry on purty gay when they can, but as soon as they're called down they behave just as nice as anybody's folks. Well, they're certainly a hard game to understand, these girls. Just when you think you're 'it' an' that nobody else has got the ghost of a chance, she's just as liable to push you over the dump an' take some other fellow that you hadn't been afraid of at all. You're takin' worse chances than you are in gamblin', when you play this girl game. The only thing to do is to play it cautious, an' then if you lose, never let on. Look pleasant an' keep on smilin', an' try to hunt up another one just as good."

JOHN HAZELDEN.

He Saved Room.

"Little Dick ate no dinner. Is he sick?"

"No; somebody told him we were going to have ice cream."—Chicago Daily Record.

Brazil's gold mines show an increasing yield.

A Brilliant Career

Earl W. Peabody's Amateur Cycling Record a Wonderful One.

THERE is something approaching the pathetic in the incidents that marked the closing of the riding career of the greatest amateur cyclist the United States, if not the new world, has produced. Earl W. Peabody, winner of over 225 races, honored beyond the usual measure of praise given to a hero of the path, and the only amateur who eclipsed the famous "Jersey Skeeter," Arty Zimmerman, in the brilliancy of his performances, cast his fortune at the twelfth hour with the great racing body of the "outlaws," hoping to conclude his track career with a victory



E. W. PEABODY.

over the young "human locomotive," amateur champion, Frank Kramer, and was humiliated. Kramer won each time that he and Peabody "hooked up." The bicycle world is large and rosy for Kramer. He is young and a "comer." Peabody has battled with the fates on all sorts of tracks, from the dirt affair at the county fair to the most elaborate "soup bowl" ellipse of the big hall, and he has arrived at the conclusion that his place is to attend to a business that he has founded.

That Peabody will never turn professional unless some exigency in the shape of a demand to make a livelihood arises, I can say with authority. That he will not be seen on the cycle path again this year is not so certain. But that he may not ride again after the present season comes to an end, is almost certain.

Peabody sees now what has been apparent to many critics for some time, that the day of the amateur cyclist who can gratify his ambition to travel anywhere—everywhere—for the simple love of contesting for trophies, is about over. Business methods of the sordid and grasping nature have seized cycle racing to such an extent that the sport has been left in the "also ran bunch."

It would appear that the politicians of the League of American Wheelmen do not love a winner unless that winner is one of them. Peabody fell a victim to the prejudice of one or two of the L. A. W. schemers and was transferred to the professional class. If there was ever a hard blow struck at the ambition of a young man that was. The great rider knew he was guiltless of any charge of professionalism and resolved to leave no stone unturned until he had been rehabilitated. One of the stringent and grossly unsatisfactory provisions of the league assembly rules is that a unanimous vote is necessary to save a cyclist from being left in the professional ranks. Peabody's case was ably pushed before the L. A. W. racing board and it reported favorably to the cyclist and the league permitted Peabody to ride provisionally, as an amateur. The next assembly of the race controlling body was to have acted on the case. But learning that he could not have a unanimous vote, on account of the old prejudices of two politicians, Peabody surprised the cycling world by riding his last race as a league man down in Alabama and then casting his lot with the N. C. A. or "outlaw" organization.

"I hope to have another chance to meet Kramer before I retire," said the cyclist. It was the wish of all but Kramer that Peabody would terminate his riding career with a great victory over his old rival. But the Nemesis that pursued him was on hand and Peabody had as much chance, in poor condition as he was, to win over the young man as a flea would have under an elephant's foot. Meeting Earl I induced the modest young man to talk about himself. He is thin of features, and discourses in an intelligent and interesting manner.

"If the poorly concealed injustice of the L. A. W. directed toward me were to be used to make me out a sort of a martyr," said Peabody, "I would not discuss it. The fact remains that I am an 'outlaw' now by choice. I would have been one by L. A. W. action had I waited. I defy any man to prove that I have, in all my racing career, ever departed from the rules and requirements that make men eligible to the amateur class. I began riding because I liked the sport—I continued to ride because I was fond of the life and its adventures—and for that reason I remained an amateur."

"The cycling problem will resolve itself soon. Neither the L. A. W. nor the N. C. A. is competent to control racing—amateur, I mean? The Amateur Athletic union, that wonderful body that has kept amateur athletics sweet and

clean, is able to control and I do not doubt that it will. There will be despairing shrieks from the men of the other organizations, because they are being left out, but the change is coming. The A. A. U. is the logical body to exercise supervision over the amateurs. For the professional end of the sport, the pathway appears to be wide. There will be a mutual government made up of representatives of the cyclists and the owners and promoters of tracks.

"Yes, cycle racing appears to have gone to the dogs in many localities. Chicago, once a great center for the sport, would not furnish a paying number for the races at which all the prominent cracks of the country were billed. But I have seen, down in Birmingham, Ala., where the population is not very great, a throng of several thousands at a cycle meet. I have appeared at other places, mainly in the east, where the attendance has been up in the thousands. But there is no telling how long such enthusiasm will continue. Dry rot seems to have seized cycling in most places."

Becoming reminiscent, Peabody replied to my query: What, in your opinion, was the hardest contest of your cycling career? "That would be difficult to answer, for I have won many races that had preliminary and even semifinal and final heats. Usually Zimmerman went out and captured his race with one appearance. However it was at Washington park, Labor day, 1908, when I was in a two-mile handicap with a big field. The course was heavy and holding from the rain. Ziegler and myself were well out in the lead for a mile and a half, each setting his turn at pace making. I was the first man in the turn for home, although to get past the big field that flashed past us, I had to ride through mud that ordinarily would have stopped me. How I passed that big field and won I scarcely realize, even now."

"One day I was entered in all sorts of races at Springfield, Ill., and arrived at the state meet after traveling all night in a day coach—I always took a sleeping car on my many trips if there was one attached to the train. From short dash races to five-mile events I jumped, and, would you believe it, I won five races that afternoon. One feels just like racing sometimes. I recall one time when my knee was so stiff that I had to be helped on my wheel and the first time the pedal came up I was lifted from the saddle, because the knee would not bend. Yet I won my race. Another time I had a fall and the accident tore a huge piece out of my leg. Even while the tissue was building itself up—the open sore had not healed—I raced and won."

"I think that racing with its countless dangers developed two kinds of courage in me. I fully believe in athletics to make men of our boys. I was naturally timid. But I learned to take all chances with a recklessness that I can but admire in others. Besides I gained courage to bear pain. Fortitude came with my racing experience. I would not take a great deal for the benefits that my career has heaped on me mentally and physically. I have always maintained that there was more



FRANK KRAMER.

to the simple hygienic and common sense method of eating in training than in following some of the antiquated rules of some trainers. I used coffee to some extent and even smoked when I wished. While not a drinking man, I took a bit of malt beer when I desired it. When it is considered that I would often be traveling hundreds of miles on railroads and participating in three and four race meets a week.

"As to Kramer, I have nothing but words of praise. I could not beat him. He showed the power of a locomotive and drew away from me at will with scarcely an effort. While I would have liked to defeat him, my condition was that of a man who should have quit trying after the first attempt. Kramer was not an unknown by any means when he blossomed out at the national meet at Indianapolis. He won the amateur mile event and that carried with it more prestige, I believe, than did the three victories that Collett earned. Collett was practically the man of all the bunch at the meet. But Kramer is at the top to-day. I wish him success."

E. G. WESTLAKE.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

SINGERS AND PLAYERS OF THE WORLD'S STAGE.

EVERY clever writer in the October Scribner tells us the really highly moral and above reproach stage productions of to-day in New York are to be found at the vaudeville theaters; tells how the word "devil" was too profane for the ears of the manager under whom he served, and that a girl in a page's costume was so offensive to the manager's sense of delicacy she was ordered to wear petticoats in future appearances. All this is very refreshing, and particularly so when the author proceeds to inform us that though vaudeville shows were conceived with the notion of catering to women, the majority of those who attend are men. What does all this point to? Is the degeneracy of the age due to women, and is it the saving grace of the men that keeps it from total collapse? Of course, all this is fooling, not meant to be taken seriously, but—who goes to the doubtful plays, which sex swells the audience there? I believe the article by the vaudeville man will set us all to thinking.

This extoller of the vaudeville theater, who, if he plays as well as he writes, must be a "head liner" himself, tells us interesting gossip about the audiences of these "all-the-day-and-til-10:30" houses. He affirms that some people come at 9:30 a. m., and remain until 10:30 p. m.; that human beings exist who can calmly sit through three performances of one-act plays, the contortions, the monologue artist—the whole, awful, unbroken stream of funniness—but this is hard to believe. And

act in vaudeville, did not choose a more modern theme. Bits of the farce are very bright, and Cyril Scott is enough in himself to carry through a much duller piece.

Haddon Chambers, the author of "The Tyranny of Tears," has been engaged to write next season's play for John Drew. The "Tyranny of Tears" has just finished a most successful month at the Empire.

"My Innocent Boy," at the Garrick Theater, is one of the funniest farces that have been given in New York for a long time. In the cast are Otis Harlan and Florence Lillian Wickes.

Joseph Jefferson comes rightfully by his talents, for four generations of Jeffersons have been actors. The first Joseph Jefferson, grandfather of our Riv Van Winkle, was long associated with the Chestnut theater in Philadelphia; his father and Rip's great grandfather, Thomas Jefferson, was comedian of Garrick's company.

Charles Wyndham, the London actor-manager, in a speech made recently at the opening of the Royal Duchess theater at Balham, spoke of the coming change in the theatrical world, the tendency away from "centralization in the hands of the few to diffusion in the hands of the many." He said it was a sign of the times—the growth of the spirit of decentralization—this building so many new theaters away from the center. Mr. Wyndham is a man of wide experience, of keen judgment and broad knowledge, and his words on this matter are full of significance. It



A SCENE FROM "THE GHETTO."

he tells of a crowd that does not seem to have the dinner habit, people who occupy the seats from 5:30 to 8. Verily, the vaudeville has a strong hold on the American public.

Henry Miller and his company, in "The Only Way," are to play at the Garden theater until Richard Mansfield's annual engagement begins. "The Only Way" has been a great success at the Herald Square theater.

Mr. Francis Wilson, with "Cyrano de Bergerac" in its present form of comic opera, is meeting with the hearty welcome which it is his wont to receive, and the congratulations of many for the present success of what promised to be a failure.

"The Ghetto," judging from the size of the audience, will continue at the Broadway for some time. It is thought the awakened interest in the Jews, caused by the Dreyfus case, may partially account for the large attendance at "The Ghetto" performances.

Leo Ditricstein's drama, "The Song of the Sword," succeeds "The King's Musketeer" at Daly's.

Miss Annie Russell is finding "Miss Hobbes" so successful that she will not be seen until November in the play Sydney Grundy has written for her.

On the first night of the production of "Peter Stuyvesant, Governor of New Amsterdam," the audience found the later acts dull, the interest of the play decrease. Mr. William H. Crane, who plays the title role, looks the character to perfection, and portrays the doughty, irascible Dutchman in a studied and skillful manner, but gives a comedian's tone to the rendition, and little suggestion of the real force which history shows the old governor to have possessed. The scenery is effective, the costumes historically correct, the company a superior one, the actors generally make the most of their parts, but the play, considered in regard to its adaptability for the boards, is not up to the level of setting and impersonators. Whether the distinguished authors will be guided by public opinion to the extent of making alterations, or whether altering be possible, time will tell. We fear we must wait longer for the great American drama.

"A Stranger in a Strange Land," the new farce at the Manhattan, has met with about an equal amount of praise and derision. It deals with that very threadbare subject, the Englishman's ignorance of the geography of the United States, and the wonder is that the authors, two young gentlemen who

may be, in our own day, we shall see not the opinion of one center for a standard, but the consensus of opinions of many centers.

"Hearts Are Trumps," a deep-dyed melodrama that has caused much talk in London, will be produced here under the management of Mr. Charles Frohman. The story is neither pretty nor pleasant, but it is highly sensational and up-to-date, and there is a "real avalanche" on the stage.

Of all the lurid, crude, wild products of imagination, commend us to "Hearts Are Trumps." Was it opium or mince pie that evolved such a hodge-podge of cold-blooded, revengeful men warring on defenseless women, false friends, suspicious relatives, a woman speculator, a secret marriage, ostracized women, murder to obtain a life insurance? And then the remarkable way in which the long-concealed husband proves to be brother to the wife's enemy; in which the avalanche kills the man who wanted the insurance money instead of killing the heroine; in which the good are rewarded and the evil confounded! We are told that the beef-eaters have produced the best literature of the world, but we sometimes find the beef-eaters can stand a heavier dose of melodrama than their American brothers. We wonder how the play will fare when it is transplanted.

Mr. Nat Goodwin has not yet fully recovered from the effects of an operation, but is to sail for home some time this month. Mr. Goodwin expects to fill his American contracts.

Ibsen's new play is nearly completed. It will be presented simultaneously in Copenhagen and Berlin.

After an absence of three years, Mme. Calve is back in America again, and expresses herself as well pleased with the fact. The prima donna weighs 30 pounds less than when she was here before, the sacrifice of the avoidpops, so says the lady herself, being made that she may the more appropriately fill the role of Juliette. Calve will appear in the humorous opera "Les Dragon des Villiers," in Massenet's "Herodiade," and will sing Juliette in Gounod's opera.

At the American theater the Castle Square opera company have begun their third season with an English text of "Der Meistersinger." Wagner's "Der Meistersinger" in English is a novelty, but not a great success.

Allice Neilson, in "The Singing Girl," will soon appear at the Casino.

MAX OWEN.

A REALIZED AMBITION.

His name was James O'Connell Thomas Jefferson O'Hoke; He was the high-school orator, and every time he spoke the school was crowded, high and low to the doors, with those who longed to hear the gifted boy and see him when he rose to imitate great Spartacus and bid his enemies dare to fight the lazy Roman hosts, the while he sawed the air. As Brutus he was wont to stand in classic pose and praise about imperial Caesar and his sad, assted fate. As Antony he stooped to dip in Caesar's sacred blood. His homely cotton handkerchief, and thus unchain the food of Roman rage; then he would smile complacently and pause, and stand unmoved amid the mighty thunders of applause.

Ye gods! He was a hero in those old for-ansic days. And all the town spread his renown and boasted in his praise. His neighbors bolstered up his fame, and each did prophesy that all the world should crown his name with honor ere he'd die. They swore his magic voice should plead successfully and strong for justice to the poor and lead in righting freemen's wrong. They noted how his youthful brow already showed the weight of heavy thought and trials wrought by cares exceeding great. At last he left his native place and to the city went. The townfolk wept, but on his face there shone a sage content, "I shall be truly great some day," he said within his heart; "My voice shall never, never play a measly second part!"

See how the kindly fates advance a man of pluck and brains— He has a railway station job as "caller" of the trains! —Chicago Daily Record.

Dobley's Man with a Hoe

An Elucidation of Markham's Poem for Mrs. D.'s Benefit.

"I MIGHT just as well resign at once!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobley. "I had no idea that joining a literary club meant that one had to perform in public. I simply can't do it."

"What do they want you to do, my dear?" asked Mr. Dobley. "A song and dance or a cakewalk? I wouldn't mind a little thing like that. You can pick it up in no time."

"It's nothing like that," said Mrs. Dobley, passing a typewritten document over the breakfast table. "And you needn't make any fun of the matter, either. The frivolous way in which you look at everything is tiresome. Now, what am I to do?"

"I am sure, my dear," began Dobley. "Just read it—read it!" commanded Mrs. Dobley, and her husband read:

Honora Coombe Dobley.—Dear Madam: At the next meeting of the Literary club the topic of discussion will be Markham's poem, 'The Man with the Hoe.' As you have been selected as chief speaker of the evening, you will kindly be prepared to recite the poem and give a sketch of the author's career. Also to give your opinions as to the idea contained in the work, as well as the general style and literary construction of the poem."

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Dobley, trying to conceal the fact that he was quite as perturbed as his wife by the letter. "Well?"

"Well? Why didn't they select you? What did they send that to me for? What do I know about farming?"

"You forget, my dear, that this is not an agricultural club, but a literary society. Of course they refer to the famous poem?"

"What poem?"

"Is it possible that you haven't heard of Markham's masterpiece, 'The Man with the Hoe'?" asked Dobley, with a reproachful look over the top of his egg.

"Why, I haven't read anything but 'Quo Vadis' this summer, and I only half read that. You see it hurts my eyes, and besides that I'm too busy. Who was he?"

"The Man with the Hoe? He has become one of the most typical of—"

"What was the matter with him? Why didn't he hoe? Where did it happen?"

"It began with a picture, my dear. An artist made a picture of a man in a field with a hoe."

"Hoeing corn, I suppose; well, what of it?"

"Well, it was a great picture—filled with depth and feeling and life—"

"I suppose it seemed as though he were really hoeing, did it? I've seen a picture like that—a girl gathering roses—you could just see the stems snap."

"No, it wasn't exactly that. The man had stopped—"

"Stopped hoeing? What did he do that for?"

"He'd stopped to rest and was leaning on the hoe."

"Gracious! A hoe isn't a bit comfortable to lean upon. Why didn't he sit down?"

"Why—it was just the artist's idea, you see. The man stopping to lean on his hoe—the laborer in the field—don't you see?—typifying the workman of the ages—the 'empty ages,' Markham wrote."

"Was it Markham who had the hoe?"

"Oh, no! Markham was a poet and he saw the picture and saw the poetry in it. Then he wrote the poem and called it, 'The Man with the Hoe.'"

"Was it pretty?"

"It was a magnificent idea—the figure of that man as typical of the workman—the patient slave plowing the field—"

"What did he have a hoe for if he was plowing?"

"You don't understand. Don't you catch the idea? Labor—the farmer at work—plodding along without an idea—sweating over his work—"

"You just said he'd stopped to rest."

"En—yes—but when you read it, you'll see the splendid picture Markham drew."

"Excuse me, John; was Markham the

artist or was he the man who had the hoe, or the man who just wrote about it?"

"He was the poet, my dear; he wrote the verse."

"I suppose he was paid for it, wasn't he?"

"I suppose so, my dear."

"Then, what was the trouble? Really, John, I can't seem to understand what all the fuss was about."

"Markham wanted to show the miserable condition of the hard-working farmer—the slavery of the toiler—the—the fetters—"

"Why, John Dobley, you know you have often said you'd like to be a farmer because they have everything so easy. Hoeing and raking is child's play, and as for plowing it's just like riding a bicycle nowadays. You sit in a sort of a sulky and the horses know just where to go. I suppose they will have automobiles after awhile."

"He spoke," went on Mr. Dobley, "of the 'emptiness of ages.' There's a grand thought. The empti—"

"What did he mean by that?"

"Why—er—so much of that is metaphor—you see. The main idea is that the lot of the working man is hopeless. 'The Man with the Hoe' was a poor wretch bent with toil—a farmer whose life was—"

"Why didn't he get one of the farm hands to do the hoeing?"

"He probably was a farm hand himself working for a pittance—"

"Well, he ought to have been glad he was working, I think. The ideal! What did he want? A steam hoe?"

"No, my dear; but the idea is what did life hold for him? Of what was he thinking, as he stood there leaning on the hoe—that humble implement of toil?"

"Probably he was thinking of his dinner. I'm not a bit sorry for that man. He had nice open air work and he could stop to rest when he wanted to and probably his wife brought him his dinner every noon time, and he had nothing to do but to hoe. And he wasn't even doing that!"

"Wait till you read the poem, Honora. Markham calls him 'brother to the ox.'"

"What for?"

"The ox, you see, is the beast of burden. When the poet spoke of the laborer as the brother of the ox he placed him as low in the intellectual scale as it was possible to get him. He asks: 'Who blew out the—?'"

"Gas—?"

"No—no! 'Who blew out the light within his brain?' asks Markham."

"Well, who did?"

"It was just a metaphor—a figure of speech—"

"Why didn't he say what he meant?"

"Poets never do that, my dear."

"Well, what did he mean?"

"That the workman was a miserable creature, whose life was like an animal's—"

"Don't be believe in men working?"

"Yes—but—"

"I suppose he likes tramps, then. Those men that sit around the parks."

"The Man with the Tomato Can" would be his idea of the ideal man."

"Poets look at these things differently."

"Well, I think it is silly to pity a man because he has a job. Think of all the men that can't get work. Suppose you didn't work? Where would we be?"

"It's the idea of man earning his bread by the sweat of his brow—the curse of laboring for hire—for—"

"Why, this man with the hoe probably had a good, steady place on the farm. Perhaps he owned it. He probably had stopped to figure out the crop. Maybe his wife took boarders and they had plenty of money."

"When you read it, my dear, you will be able to—"

"Oh, pshaw! I might just as well start in to idealize the cook and call her 'The Girl with the Frying Pan' or 'The Woman with the Rolling Pin.'"

"Really, my dear, I think you will be able to talk before the club, if you keep on—"

"It's the very same thing! The cook is a laboring woman, but she's a great deal freer than I am. She has no social obligations and no calls to make or to receive. She doesn't have to spend her time dressing and talking to folks when she doesn't want to. She has a comfortable home and just as good things to eat as we have. She has two days off every week. Suppose I began to weep over her sad condition and called her 'sister to the ox.' Why she'd leave the very first thing."

"But a poet would never write about a cook."

"Well, a good cook is a lot better than an old farmer who only hoes and looks pathetic. Anyone could hoe. Why, I almost believe you could hoe."

"I haven't a hoe, my dear."

"That's another thing. Suppose the man didn't have a hoe? He'd have been worse off, wouldn't he? A hoe represents capital. Do you know, John Dobley, it gets sillier every minute, to think of all the sympathy that you're wasting on that man. It is 'The Man Without the Hoe' you should be sorry for."

"You are getting me round to your way of thinking, Honora. I recall now the story of a rich man who said that he started in business picking rags, but for a week or two he nearly starved, because he had no money to buy a rag-pick with."

"What did he do?"

"He borrowed money enough, I believe, and 25 years after he told the story of the trouble he had getting some one to lend the money. The funniest part of it was that he said he had never paid it back."

"I wonder if that man really owned the hoe, or had borrowed it?"

"Perhaps that is what he was thinking of."

"He was probably too mean to buy a hoe of his own! You know, John, I think that man was no good!"

"Honora, your logic is so convincing that I am beginning to agree with you that 'The Man with the Hoe' was considerable of a gold brick."—N. Y. Sun.

ENGLISH ARMY BEARSKINS.

The Regulations About the Big Fur Hats of the Coldstream Grenadiers and Scots Guards.

For more than 130 years—a tall hat of fur has been a conspicuous article of headgear in the British army, and it was with something of a shock that people read in the papers the other day that a committee was going to sit to consider the growing scarcity of the bearskins from which are made the imposing full-dress hat of the Foot guards. War office committees on clothing are dreadful things, but those that sit on hats are unutterable. Everybody remembers with horror the alleged helmet which such a committee produced a few years ago. It was to be the universal headcovering of the British army, and must be serviceable and useful. The committee decided, as a first principle, that an article possessing these two qualities must be ugly. Proceeding from this premise, they gave full expression to their ideas of utility, and produced a head covering the like of which was never before seen on earth, and it is to be hoped never will be again. There are members of the headquarters staff who to this day have not quite got over the sight of the experimental helmet devised by the committee. Fortunately, only one was made, or instead of only having to lament the scarcity of recruits the nation would have found itself without any army whatever. No regular soldier or self-respecting militiaman—a volunteer will wear anything—would have put it on, and its adoption into the service would have left no service to wear it.

This much is necessary to explain the alarm felt the other day when it was announced that a war office headgear committee was about to tamper with the guardsman's bearskin. Fortunately the committee has only limited powers. Its only function this time is, so to speak, to haggle with tradesmen. The plain facts that bearskins are growing scarce, and the cost of providing the guards with their magnificent "tall hat of fur" is increasing yearly in a remarkable manner. Only one kind of fur is used for this purpose. It is that produced by the American black bear, and as Ursus Americanus, despite the extraordinary cordiality subsisting between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, refuses to produce well-furred integument in sufficient quantities to cover the heads of our guardsmen at a reasonable rate, the never-failing resources of a committee has been called into operation.

It costs, on an average, one pound a head per annum to maintain the imposing appearance imparted by the busby. The great caps cost the government about eight pounds each. Those worn by the Coldstreams are a little less, but those for the Grenadiers and Scots guards cost more than that sum. According to the regulations, a busby must last for eight years, but there are several reasons why the regulation "life" of a busby, like the regulation life of a whole lot of other equipment, falls considerably short of the war office span. One of the principal reasons is that the cap is only a home service equipment. When a guard's battalion is ordered on foreign service the big busbies—stirring battle pictures to the contrary notwithstanding—are returned to store at the Picnic clothing factory. They are not kept there awaiting the return of their former owners, but are reissued to newly joined recruits or to battalions returning home, so that men get what is called "part worn equipment."—London Telegraph.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Buckingham palace has a scent fountain which on state occasions is fed with eau de cologne.

Madrid has at present 36 daily papers and 123 weeklies. Two of the daily papers have circulations of over 200,000 copies.

The biggest canal project is to connect the Orinoco, Amazon and La Plata, but it will cost anywhere from \$100,000,000 to three times that amount.

A German oculist declares that the ordinary slates used by school children cause short-sightedness, and recommends that white slates be used, with black pencils.

A glass chimney 105 feet high, built of glass bricks, conveys the smoke from a glass factory in Liverpool. The floors are also of glass, and so are the shingles on the roof.

The Japanese government has decided to make vaccination compulsory in Japan, and that all children are to be vaccinated before they reach the age of ten months. They must be revaccinated when they are six and again when they are 12 years of age.

The German toy trade has fallen off greatly, and the government has established a professional school of toy-making at Grunhainden. This is an excellent example of the careful attention which Germany is giving to other phases of the manufacturing industry and export trade.

Germany has prohibited the use of saccharine for the production of beer, wine, etc. Other artificial sweetening substances are also interdicted. Belgium has prohibited the importation, manufacture or sale of saccharine except for medical purposes, and France also prohibits the use of these substances as food. In Great Britain saccharine must not be used in beer manufacture. In Spain, Portugal and Austro-Hungary similar laws are in force.

MAY BE A ROYAL TURTLE.

Giant Tortoise Measures Five Feet in Length and Acts as a Watchdog for a Family in Honolulu.

Stray turtles, measuring four or five feet in length do not often wander unmolested through the streets of a thickly populated city. But not long since, a well-known family in Honolulu received a visitor of this kind.

Nobody knows where the great beast came from; he simply appeared one day at the garden gate and, forcing an entrance, proceeded to make himself at home on the premises. He was promptly expelled by the astonished family, but he had found a comfortable home and meant to stay in it, so he returned but was again turned out upon the cruel world.

The turtle had a will of his own and crawled in again the next time the gate was open. This performance was repeated a number of times; if they shut the gate on him, he would rear up on his hind legs and put his two fore feet on the top—like a great hog.

It was necessary to accept the inevitable. The people to whom he wished to attach himself began to feel a certain superstition, and allowed him to take possession of the garden which he had so long coveted as his abode.

There he crawls about in the daytime and sleeps at night, and is given his three good meals a day of bran and water and scraps from the table. He is a perfectly harmless old fellow, and the children have great sport with him, two or three at a time riding on his back.

But his funniest characteristic developed after he had been fairly accepted into the family circle; in return for the kindness lavished upon him he took upon himself the functions of a watchdog. The poor beast is not able to bark, but when a stranger enters the gate he gives forth such loud and formidable hisses as to frighten the most courageous until they discover that his hiss is worse than his bite.

It is estimated that this great turtle is very old. While not of a rare species he has grown to an unusual size. His neck is beginning to shrivel and take upon itself the drawn look of extreme age.

It is thought by some that he is the famous turtle that belonged to Kamehameha I. He was the greatest conqueror and king of the Hawaiian islands, and lived over 100 years ago. The animal remained for generations in the custody of the royal family, and last belonged to the queen dowager, Kapiohulani. Some time before the queen's death the turtle disappeared.—N. Y. World.

Scotch Salmon Fishing.

From all accounts the rentals of salmon fishing privileges in Scotland have been run up to preposterous figures. We read of anglers paying sums for the season which in rent mean from \$55 to \$75 for each fish killed, not counting the other expenses of travel, maintenance and attendance. The rentals have increased in many instances out of all proportion to the fishing returns. One Dee water, the Invercauld, which formerly brought £75 per annum, was leased last spring at £450, and the fish taken cost £15 each. In illustration of the uncertainty of the sport, another section of the Dee may be cited, for which in one season the lessee paid £200, and took from it three hundred odd fish. The following year he had to pay £300, and his bag fell to sixty odd fish. The next year, as might have been expected, he let it alone.—Forest and Stream.

Rapid Fire.

Biggs—That fellow there is a big gun in the literary way. Writes for all the leading magazines, you know.

Boggs—Ah, I see! A magazine gun.—N. Y. Journal.

Water Furnished Free.

Santa Cruz, Cal., is perhaps the only municipality in which water is furnished free to inhabitants for domestic purposes.—Chicago Inter Ocean.



CAPT. MOLLIE'S WELL.

Memento of the Brave Irish Heroine of the Battle of Monmouth is Still in Use.

Few Philadelphians, perhaps, have noticed as they were whirled across the battlefield of Monmouth in an express train bound for their summer homes at Ashbury Park and Long Branch the two upright posts along the tracks near Freshhold marking the well of Capt. Mollie Pitcher, the heroine of the battle of Monmouth, who long since was buried in the old cemetery at Carlisle, Pa.

The well is situated very close to the tracks and can be seen from the rear of the train. It is one of the points of interest on this historic battlefield and is in sight of the old Tennyson church, which was used as a hospital during the fight and in which the blood-stained seats, where the wounded British soldiers were carried from the conflict to die, can still be seen.

It may be surprising, but it is nevertheless true, that this famous old well is still in use. The farm of William Augustus Thompson, which is near by, gets its entire supply of water from this well, water pipes being laid from the farm to the well. The water is said to be as clear and sparkling as spring water and very cool.

Capt. Mollie Pitcher was the heroine of the battle of Monmouth, which was fought on the morning of Sunday, June 29, 1778. Tradition says it was in this conquest that Gen. Lee's action in making a retreat caused Washington to utter the only profanity he ever spoke during his life. During the fierce fight Mollie Pitcher, an Irish woman, and the wife of a member of one of the New Jersey artillery companies, with her bucket of cool water drawn from this well, quenched the thirst of the heated Yankee soldiers.

Capt. Mollie was of masculine build and dressed in a mongrel suit with the petticoats of her own sex and an ar-



CAPT. MOLLIE PITCHER'S WELL.

tilleryman's coat, cocked hat and feathers. She was a sturdy camp-follower, only 22 years of age, and in devotion to her husband, who was a cannoner, she illustrated the character of her countrywomen in the Emerald Isle. In the action, while her husband was managing a field piece, she constantly brought him water from a spring near by. A shot from the enemy killed him as his post, and the officer of the day, having no one competent to fill his place, ordered the piece removed from the field.

Mollie saw her husband fall as she came from the well with her bucket of fresh water, and also heard the order of the officer of the day for the removal of the piece. She dropped the bucket, seized the rammer and vowed that she would fill the place of her dead husband at the gun and avenge his death.

She performed the duty with a skill and courage which attracted the attention of all who saw her. On the following morning, while she was still covered with dirt and blood, Gen. Greene presented her to Gen. Washington, who, admiring her bravery, conferred upon her the commission of sergeant. By his recommendation her name was placed upon the list of half pay officer for life.

She left the army soon after the battle of Monmouth and died near Fort Montgomery, among the Hudson Highlands, soon after the close of the war. She was buried at Carlisle, Pa., where a handsome monument has been erected over her grave by the patriotic citizens in the town.

The widow of Gen. Hamilton, who died in 1834, stated she had often seen Capt. Mollie and described her as a stout, red-haired, freckle-faced young Irish woman, with a handsome pair of piercing eyes. Old residents of Fort Montgomery say she generally dressed in the petticoats of her sex with an artilleryman's coat over. She was in Fort Clinton with her husband when it was attacked in 1777. When the Americans fled from the fort as the enemy sealed the ramparts, her husband, who served the cannon, dropped his match as he was about to touch off the gun and fled. Mollie caught it up, touched off the piece and then scampered off. It was the last gun fired from the fort.—Philadelphia Press.

How to Clean Muslin Gowns.

Muslin dresses very often become creased before they are really dirty enough to require washing. In this case they should be treated as follows: Spread the dress out on a wooden table or ironing board and damp it thoroughly all over with starch applied with a piece of sponge. This should be perfectly clean. Then iron it carefully, taking care the iron is not too hot, and when finished hang it before the fire to dry. It should not on any account be folded. The best way is to damp one part of the dress with the starch, iron it and then go on to another piece.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A COWBOY'S ADVICE.

Rough Rider Encounters a Love-Sick Girl and Gives Her a Fatherly Lecture.

One of the principal riders of the wild west show, whose dashing and dangerous feats in the ring win the plaudits of thousands of people daily, is a great favorite with the matinee girls. This young man recently figured in a little scene that was not down on the bills.

It was after the regular afternoon performance and this modern cavalier was preparing to make some change in his costume that he might appear in the street, when the flap of his tent was



"NOW FALL OUT AGAIN."

drawn timidly back and a young girl, pretty and not more than 15 years old, stood inside gazing with admiration on this handsome cowboy.

"Well! little girl, is there anything I can do for you?" he asked as he unbuckled the revolver belt from his waist. The girl stood for a moment too frightened to speak, but at last she burst into tears and confessed her admiration for the rough rider. She further said she had attended the show every afternoon and several evenings since it had been here, that she wanted to run away from home and go along with the show.

During the recital the crack rider of the wild west show sat on the end of a box quietly smoking a cigarette. "See, here! You need some good advice," said he, when she had finished. "You are at just that age when some one ought to give you a lecture. You seem to have fallen in love with a man you know nothing about. So just fall out again and remember you've been a little fool. Why, I've a daughter of my own just about your age."—Chicago Daily News.

FANCY OF A CHILD.

A Reasonable Explanation of What Seems Precociousness in Imaginative Children.

"An active, healthy imagination is one of the happiest gifts a child can possess," is the theory advanced by Florence Hull Winterburn, the well-known radiologist, when writing of "The Imaginative Plays of Children," in the Woman's Home Companion. "If we watch an intelligent child, four or five years old, who believes himself unnoticed we will probably be astonished at the richness and fertility of the fancy which can give life and color to dull, commonplace things, and weave whole stories and dramas around the simple toy that means nothing more to us than what it plainly stands for. But we will perceive that even his wildest romances found themselves upon many facts, for, free and frolicsome as imagination may appear, it is subject to its laws. It deals with real things in a playful way; it embroiders, paints, molds; but it must have its material, its basis, in actual life. What we call creative ability is nothing but the power to reconstruct, perhaps to connect several separate plans or patterns into a whole which seems different from the original. The child is an artist who daubs on his colors boldly, without any sense of the absurdities he may commit, and so he often produces effects that surprise others as well as himself. Many of the acts that seem so precocious because we suppose them to be the outcome of a well-considered plan are really happy accidents; not devoid of the merit of originality, but neither to be overpraised as the work of genius. Childhood is one unbroken succession of experimentings."

To Keep Bread Fresh.

In French and Swiss farmhouse bread baking is done only once every three weeks and such a thing as stale bread is unknown. The bread is put away in a peculiar manner, which tends to preserve its freshness. Sprinkle flour freely into an empty flour sack, and into this pack the loaves, taking care to have the top crusts of two loaves touching. When they have to lie bottom to bottom, sprinkle flour between them. Tie up the sack and hang it up in a dry, airy place, where it can swing. The day before the loaf is wanted take it out and brush off the flour and stand it in the cellar over night. Treated in this manner bread remains good several weeks.

Fragrant Lavender Bags.

Take six ounces of the flowers free from stalk. Rose petals in like proportion, half ounce of thyme and a little powdered cloves, and a dessertspoonful of dried salt. Mix all together and fill muslin bags with it. These will perfume clothes if placed in drawers, and help to keep moths away. Lavender flowers placed in a bottle and warm vinegar poured over them will make an agreeable perfume. Let this stand a few days and then strain.

Application for Sunburn.

A good lotion to be applied to the face and hands after exposure to the sun is one pint of buttermilk, in which one ounce of freshly scraped horseradish has been steeped for two hours.

HAS TRAVELED FAR.

President McKinley Covers 5,000 Miles in His Tour.

Delivers His Last Address at Youngstown, O., and Then Attends the Wedding of a Relative.

Washington, Oct. 19.—The presidential tour will reach this city at 11:30 a. m. to-day. On his western tour President McKinley has traveled 5,000 miles and has delivered nearly 100 speeches.

At Cleveland, O. Cleveland, O., Oct. 19.—President McKinley and party reached this city at 8:45 o'clock in the morning. The train was sidetracked near Oberlin, O., at two o'clock in the morning, and remained there until eight o'clock.

At the Lake Shore depot in this city a reception committee, and members of the city council, headed by Mayor J. H. Farley, welcomed the president. Senator Hanna was warmly greeted at the depot by the entire party.

Carriages had been provided for a ten mile drive out Euclid avenue, through Gordon and Wade parks.

Drop Out of Line.

President and Mrs. McKinley dropped out of the line for a time and called on Mrs. Duncan, the president's sister, whose home is on Oakdale avenue.

When the procession turned its course back to the city, the president's carriage was again at its head. At the Hollenden hotel the drive ended, and a short reception was held in the parlors. Col. Myron T. Herriek entertained the presidential party at luncheon in the afternoon. The remainder of the party traveling with the president were given a luncheon and reception at the Union club.

Brief Addresses Made.

President McKinley, Secretary of the Navy Long and Senator Hanna spoke briefly. Several hundred G. A. R. men called to pay their respects.

The president said: "I cannot withhold an expression of satisfaction in being once more in the city of Cleveland. Many friends have greeted us in the past two weeks as we have journeyed through the country. Our welcome has been warm and generous and heartfelt; and it is especially pleasant to come back to the early friends, the friends of a lifetime, whose heart throbs I have felt for more than a quarter of a century, and whose unfaltering fidelity to the cause which for the moment I represent and to the country which I have been trying to serve, has never for a moment been interrupted. (Applause.) And whether they are new friends or old, whether they are in the far northwest or in the great center of our country, all of them are devoted to our free institutions and to the honor and integrity of the flag wherever it floats. I think I have never seen such a demonstration of patriotism, such an exhibition of public consecration to the public good, as I have witnessed in the last two weeks. The grave and serious problems which rest upon us account for this unusual interest on the part of the people in public affairs. The problems are grave—the responsibilities are great. Nobody feels them more than I do; nobody feels them more than I can. And yet, my countrymen, our duty is plain, straightforward, unmistakable, to stand by the national honor and preserve the territory we got by solemn treaty.

"Our soldiers carrying our flag in Luzon will be supported by the people of the United States; and hostilities will stop in that distant island of the sea when the men who assaulted our flag and our soldiers shall lay down their arms. Peace will come and, I trust and believe, come shortly, and we will be able to give to those people in the Philippines a government of liberty and law—a government which will encourage their best aspirations and their noblest aims—a government under the undisputed sovereignty of the United States."

At Warren and Niles.

Youngstown, O., Oct. 19.—Citizens of Trumbull county turned out in force at Warren to welcome the presidential party. Carriages, carried the president and his cabinet to a speakers' stand in front of the courthouse, on three sides of which were massed the hands of the spectators. In the front ranks were public school children. President McKinley was continuously cheered.

In Niles President McKinley first saw the light of day. Thousands of his boyhood friends gathered at the railway station Wednesday afternoon to cheer him on his journey back to Washington after a tour which covered over 5,000 miles through the west and northwest, and during which time the chief executive of the nation delivered almost a hundred speeches to thousands upon thousands of enthusiastic citizens. Only three of the cabinet members remained in the party which appeared to bow acknowledgements to the warm reception which awaited them here.

His Last Address.

President McKinley's special train arrived here at five o'clock Wednesday evening, and the chief executive delivered the last speech of his tour. The train was backed into a side track, and the president and his cabinet went on foot to a platform near by for a five-hour stop. Apparently everybody in town had crowded into the two streets facing the platform, and it was with great difficulty that the president could make himself heard. It was estimated that 20,000 people were crowded into the narrow space surrounding the speakers' stand. As the president proceeded they became quieter, and enthusiastically cheered every word of his address. He spoke as follows:

His Last Address.

"This seems to me very much like old times and recalls many scenes of former days. I do not conceal in this presence the very high pleasure I have in meeting once more in this city, so dear to me, my former constituents and my old friends of the Eighteenth Ohio district. I was a boy in the county, I served you in the congress of the United States, I served you as governor of our beloved state, and while holding these several offices was always and ever greeted by you with generous and heartfelt welcome. And I can but make public acknowledgment here that in all my public and political life, covering now a period of nearly 35 years, I have ever enjoyed the support and encouragement of these good people who have assembled

about me this evening. Nor can I fail to congratulate this community, devoted as it is to industry and manufacture, upon the improved conditions of the country in the last 2 1/2 years. Nothing in this whole journey of mine of more than 5,000 miles into the great northwest and through the central and western states, nothing has given me more genuine pleasure than the welcome I have had from Cleveland to Youngstown by the workmen employed in the mills and factories along the line. No cheer has been more encouraging to me or more helpful to me than the cheer given by the men as they came out of the mills and waved their shining dinner buckets, now full when once they were empty.

"We have now before us some grave problems in government, problems that command not only from the president, but from all the people, steady and sober judgment; problems not to be settled by one party or another, but by all the people; problems wider than party or section; problems that are national and which this people must settle, and settle for right and justice, following the plain path of duty. We are in the Philippines. Our flag is there. Our boys in blue are there. They are not there for conquest. They are not there for dominion. They are not there for exploitation. They are there because in the providence of God, who moves mysteriously, that great archipelago has been placed in the hands of the American people. When Dewey sunk the ships in Manila, as he was ordered to do, it was not to capture the Philippines. It was to destroy the Spanish fleet, the fleet of the nation against which we were waging war, and we thought that the soonest way to end that war was to destroy the power of Spain, so we sent Dewey and the islands came to us. It was no responsibility we sought, but it was a responsibility put upon us. Will the American people shirk it? Have the American people ever been known to run away from a great high moral duty? Our flag is there, not as 'the symbol of oppression, not as the token of tyranny, not as the emblem of enslavement, but our flag is there as our flag is here, representing liberty, humanity and civilization. There was no cloud in Dewey's victory, and there will be no doubt or hesitation in preserving it."

DRS. K. & K.

NERVOUS, WEAK, DISEASED MEN. NO CURE—NO PAY

THE NEW METHOD TREATMENT, original with Drs. K. & K., will positively cure every form of Blood or Sexual disease. It is the result of 20 years' experience in the treatment of these diseases.

WE CURE SYPHILIS

This terrible Blood Poison, the terror of mankind, yields readily to our NEW TREATMENT. Beware of Mercury, Potash, etc. They may ruin your system. If you have sores in the mouth or tongue, pains in the joints, sore throat, hair or eyebrows falling out, pimples or blotches, stomach derangement, sore eyes, headaches, etc., you have the secondary stage of this Blood Poison. We solicit the most obstinate cases, and challenge the world for a case we accept for treatment and cannot cure. After our treatment the ulcers heal, the hair grows again, pains disappear, the skin becomes healthy, and marriage is possible and safe.

CURES GUARANTEED

Thousands of young and middle-aged men have their vigor and vitality rapped by early abuses, later excesses, mental worry, etc. No matter the cause, our New Method Treatment is the refuge.

WE CURE IMPOTENCY

And restore all parts to a normal condition. Ambition, life and energy are renewed, and one feels himself a man among men. Every case is treated individually—no generalities—hence our wonderful success. No matter what ails you, consult us confidentially. We can furnish bank bonds to guarantee to accomplish what we claim.

250,000 CURED

We treat and cure: EMISSIONS, VARIICOCELE, SYPHILIS, GLEET, STRICTURE, IMPOTENCY, SEMINAL DRAIN, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, KIDNEY and BLADDER DISEASES, CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE. If unable to call, write for QUESTION BLANK for HOME TREATMENT.

DRS. **KENNEDY & KERGAN**
Cor. Michigan Ave. and Shelby St.
DETROIT, MICH.

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GENERAL MERCHANDISE AND MEATS.

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LION COFFEE

Used in Millions of Homes!

Accept no substitute!
Insist on LION COFFEE, in 1 lb. pkgs.

These articles mailed FREE in exchange for lion heads cut from front of 1 lb. LION COFFEE pkgs.

Gold Collar Button.

Mailed free for 5 lion heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers and a 2-cent stamp. Made of rolled gold and with mother-of-pearl back; suitable alike for ladies and gentlemen. This shape is handy and popular.

Daisy Neck-Pin.

Genuine Hard-Enamel and Gold.

Stylish Belt-Buckle.

Handsomely gold-plated, with Roman finish, and set with ruby colored jewel in the center. This will be welcomed for "dressed-up" occasions by the ladies who like to wear different colored sashes. The gold-finish goes well with any of them. Given for 20 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

Box of Colored Crayons.

For 10 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Fine wax crayons, fifteen different colors, accompanied with outline pictures for coloring. Each crayon is wrapped with strong paper, to prevent breaking.

Ladies' Apron.

Made of good quality lawn, with alternate reversing and tucks; broad hem at bottom, and is neatly gathered at waist; a very superior and stylish article. Size, 35x40 inches. Given for 20 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

Fruit Picture.

A bright, cheery picture. For 8 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. A bright, cheery picture, representing a little girl playing with her chickens and her rabbits. The predominating colors are rich reds and greens. Size, 14x28 inches. Given for 10 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. We will send it stamped, ready for hanging.

50-Foot Clothes Line.

Given for 15 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Made of closely twisted cotton threads, strong, and will give the best of satisfaction.

Naval Box Kite.

See it Fly! The celebrated box kite now so popular, thirty inches long and comes safely folded, but can quickly be spread to fly. Every American boy wants one, and older persons also are interested. Mailed free for 40 lion heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers and a 2-cent stamp.

Game "India."

Similar to "Parquet," which has been played in eastern countries since before the dawn of history. The illustration shows plan of the game, with usual counters, dice and dice-cups accompanying it. A game which people never tire of playing. Given for 20 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.



STRENGTH, PURITY AND FLAVOR

Best Coffee for the Money!

Try LION COFFEE and you will never use any other. It is absolutely pure Coffee and nothing but Coffee.

Mantel Clock.

By express, prepaid, for 10 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Frame beautifully finished with gilt. Stands 8 inches high. A beauty and good time-keeper.

Alarm Clock.

By express, prepaid, for 80 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. When ordering either clock, please name your nearest Express Office, if there is no express office located in your town.

Ladies' Scissors.

Length, five inches, suitable for cutting, trimming and general household use. Given for 12 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

Razor.

Given for 35 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. A first-class razor, made of best English steel, and extra hollow-ground.

Rubber Dressing Comb.

For 10 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Length, 7 inches, full size and weight. Made of genuine India rubber, finely finished. Appropriate for a ladies' dressing-case or for use in the household.

Game "India."

Similar to "Parquet," which has been played in eastern countries since before the dawn of history. The illustration shows plan of the game, with usual counters, dice and dice-cups accompanying it. A game which people never tire of playing. Given for 20 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

Every time you buy a pound package of LION COFFEE you have bought something else, too. Don't overlook it! You have bought a certain portion of some article to be selected by you from our new Premium Lists!

THE ABOVE ARE ONLY A FEW OF THE LION COFFEE PREMIUMS. Another list will shortly appear in this paper! Don't miss it! The grandest list of premiums ever offered!

You always know LION COFFEE by the wrapper. It is a sealed package, with the lion's head in front. It is absolutely pure if the package is unbroken. LION COFFEE is roasted the day it leaves the factory.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

When writing for premiums send your letter in the same envelope or package with the lion heads. If more than 15 lion heads are sent, you can save postage by trimming down the margin. Ask your grocer for large illustrated premium list. Address all letters to the

WOOLSON SPIGE CO., Toledo, Ohio.

FALL AND WINTER..... DRESS GOODS.

It is quite important that you dress in fashion. Out of fashion is out of the world. It needn't cost you so very much either. That is why we wish to impress upon you the necessity of buying that new dress pattern from us. Our goods commend themselves to you for three reasons:

CORRECT STYLES, DURABILITY, MODERATE PRICES.

Call and see if our statements are not verified facts.
Lumbermen's Supplies Wholesale and Retail.

PFEIFER'S RAPID RIVER.

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.

KEMP & WILLIAMS,

DOORS, WINDOWS, STORE FRONTS, BAR FIXTURES

Turning and Band Sawing. Plans furnished and contracts taken.

The Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean and The Iron Port

BOTH FOR \$2.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

BITTNER, WICKERT & CO.

are sole agents in Escanaba for

"WASABURN'S BEST"

a flour that is really the best, and so acknowledged in all parts of the world.

WE ALSO DEAL IN

Hay, Flour, Feed, Grain, Etc.

Cor. Ludington & Wolcott Sts.

GENERAL HARDWARE.

SEWING MACHINES.

NEW QUARTERS. A. BAUM,

—DEALER IN—

General Hardware

SEWING MACHINES.

We have them at all prices. Do not send away your money for cheap machines when you can buy good machines at home for the same money. Sewing machines sold at

Chicago Prices....

We carry a complete line of Needles, Attachments and Repairs for all regular makes of machines.

The Singer Mfg. Co.,

A Larger and Better Line of Goods Than Ever Before Shown. Open Evenings.

O. O. ROLLINS, Manager.

The Lean Part.

ESKANARA. : : MICH.

THE THINGS WORTH WHILE.

Oh, the things worth while! the things worth while!
The winning word of kindness that the artist's smile.
The sunny smile that sparkles, reflecting in its beams
The largess of devotion and the liberty of dreams:
The willing ear that hearkens to the melodies of bees
That hum and birds that twitter in the flowers and the trees:
The happy heart responsive to the touch of kindly hands
That beckon up and onward to the lovely Lotus lands.
Yea, the things worth while! the things worth while!
The cheery thoughts we cherish, with aught of gloom or guile:
The wholesome hope of heaven, and the sweet promise of care
We find in lawly homesteads, for love makes heaven there!
The lipping children's prattle, the mother's croon, the dear,
Delicious warmth of feeling in the fire-side's cozy cheer,
When the midday lamp is lighted and the apples on the hearth
Are sizzling in the radiance of the dearest place on earth.
Ah, the things worth while! the things worth while!
The tender recollection of the low seat on the stile,
When the katydids were calling and the owl's answer shrill
Grew mellow as it mingled with the music of the mill;
The buoyant dreams that bubbled like the water in the race,
The lifting inspiration of an unforgotten face:
The toll by sweet devotion made marvelously light:
Love, and its living fervor, its mystery and might!
So, the things worth while, the things worth while!
Let's garner them and guard them and rear a radiant pile
Of golden deeds and memories, with diamond hopes imperishable—
A castle made impregnable against the warring world,
Wherein our days shall blossom, our nights shall bloom with stars—
And let us by the malice, the fruitless strife that mars,
So life's serene visions shall all the hours beguile
If only we shall treasure just the things worth while!
—Robertus Love, in N. Y. Sun.

My Engagement

WE have all, I suppose, in our lives made blunders—little blunders, big blunders, and so forth, till one reaches the pitch of irretrievable blunder—and I have just escaped from the consequences of one that for the moment was likely to prove irretrievable.

I was—I had foolishly allowed myself to be fascinated by Miss Strangerford—yes, fascinated is, I think, just the word to meet the case.

Phyllis is a dear, quite a dear, and for a time I submit I was tottering on the brink. I believe, as a matter of fact, that I did propose once or twice; but, of course, I knew she'd say "no."

She's so sensible. But for one awful, terrible moment, at the time I'm going to tell you about, I thought she was going to forget herself and say "yes."

You see, the truth is, one is a little bit afraid of Miss Strangerford. Everything will seem to be going swimmingly, and you think you're getting on quite well, and being rather clever, and all that; and then you look up, and you see a something her eyes which sobers you down again. It's in her eyes.

Somewhere right at the back of them there's a kind of glistening twinkle that makes you feel that you're a fool.

Now, Laura is not like that. She is clever, and knows all about books, music and lichen, and she hardly ever smiles. But Miss Strangerford just sits curled up in her chair and chatters about nothing in particular, and says funny things which make you laugh, and dresses smartly, and even sometimes smokes cigarettes; and yet directly one begins to talk about deeper subjects she stays quiet, and keeps that funny look in her eyes, for all the world as if she was laughing at you to herself.

Last summer, down on the river, we got on awfully well at first; it was later on that I came to the conclusion that it would be a mistake to carry matters further; and as she had just—well, not exactly refused—but put me off for the second time, I thought it better to let the matter drop.

Then I met Laura. Laura adores music halls. She says that she thinks the color scheme of a ballet most instructive, and has come to the conclusion that it is unconsciously based on the primitive principles of color music. I am sure she's right—I like them myself.

I saw a good deal of her after that dinner, and last week we practically became engaged. Naturally I wanted to give her some souvenir to commemorate the day—not the ordinary vulgar ring, but something with a latent meaning to it. Laura is great on latent meanings, so I knew she would appreciate it.

"What inscription, sir?" he asked, as I was leaving the shop.
Of course, directly he asked me that I was stumped. So I just told him to put the usual sort of thing; and to send it to the young lady at once, together with my card.

Two days later, among my morning's letters, I received a note from Miss Strangerford asking me to go to tea. I had intended going to see Laura, but on getting a telegram to put me off, decided to go and see Phyllis.

I was shown into her boudoir and found her, as usual, curled up in an armchair, smoking a cigarette. It struck me that she was extremely pretty, and for one fleeting second I almost wished—that Laura smoked.

Also, if Laura has a fault—which, mind you, I am not prepared to admit—still, if she has a fault, it is that she has quaint ideas on the subject of hair dressing. Now Phyllis is always beautifully "coiffee."

For my part I felt a little uncomfortable, but Miss Phyllis was not in the slightest degree discomposed. There was another man there, and he glared at me a little, but I treated him with deserved contempt. After about ten minutes of desultory chatter he took himself off.

Miss Phyllis watched the door close behind him and then suddenly turning to me she stretched out her hand and said:

"My dear Gerald; how can I thank you?"

I confess that I was considerably taken aback.

"I think," continued Phyllis, without noticing my interruption, "that you are the most generous and forgiving person in the world."

"I was afraid," said I, "that you were offended with me; but you are not, are you, since you've asked me to come?"

"Offended!" said Miss Phyllis. "My dear Gerald, whatever made you think that? You're a dear. See, I've got it on."

I did see; and to my horror I realized for the first time that the glistening object which I had been admiring so much in Phyllis' chignon was the brooch I had ordered for Laura.

"That," I gasped, "is a little memento of our—of my engagement."

"Yes," said Phyllis, smiling. "I consider myself really engaged now."

"You don't mean to say," I stammered, "that you—"

"O, but I do!" she interrupted. "Really, really I do!" and her eyes sparkled.

"There is a mistake somewhere," I explained confusedly. "I—that is you—I mean I am engaged."

"Naturally," said Phyllis, raising her eyebrows. "We are both engaged—aren't it splendid?"

"But," I managed to ejaculate at last, with more force than politeness, "I'm engaged to some one else, not to you."

This speech, blunt and plain enough

in its way, seemed to afford Phyllis infinite amusement. She curled herself up more tightly in her chair, and fairly quivered with suppressed merriment.

"Don't you understand?" I explained. "I'm engaged to Miss Ainsley—Laura Ainsley, and—of course, I'm awfully sorry, but that was sent you by mistake."

Phyllis managed to subdue her laughter.

"My dear Gerald, please don't look like that," she said, wiping the tears from her eyes with an absurd little pocket handkerchief. "You needn't look so woebegone, even if you did think I was going to accept you. I promise not to marry you. Can't you see? You went into Somerton's and ordered this brooch and told them to send it direct to the lady's house. It never seems to have occurred to you to mention her name and as they had made something for me at your order in ages past they naturally concluded that this was for me, too, and sent it on by a messenger with your card. I knew it was a mistake, so I sent the maid down to inquire. It was not difficult to guess the truth."

"O!" said I, lamely.

"There, here you are, you silly boy!" she said, holding out the brooch. "Run away to Laura with it, and forgive me for playing a practical joke on you; but you did look such a picture of dismay!"

"Won't you keep it, please," said I, humbly. "I ought to pay a penalty for my stupidity."

"It's awfully good of you, Gerald, and it's pretty; but I don't know that I ought to. I've been engaged since Wednesday, you see, to Capt. Mahon."

"The very thing!" I cried, turning to the inscription on the back. "I was engaged on Wednesday, too; see, here's the date."

Phyllis looked.

"It does seem to fit it nicely," she said. "May I really keep it?"

"Please do," said I, "and if he says anything tell him it was a premature Christmas offering."

I am glad the mistake happened after all, for I am fond of Phyllis. And—well, Capt. Mahon, or whatever his name is, is a lucky man.—Home Chat.

FASHION'S FANCIES.

Pretty Gowns and Waists for the Fall Season—Materials Now in Favor.

Some of the new Eton jackets are rounding on the fronts, showing a vest of another color and material beneath; others are made with scalloped edges and high, flaring collars.

Very stylish is a suit of dark blue broadcloth made with a tunic drapery and trimmed with heavy black braid. The jacket is one of the Eton styles with rounded fronts and a vest of red broadcloth with three rows of machine-stitching all around the edge in black, and small black buttons down the front.

Some of the new tea gowns and wrappers are made with Eton fronts and large lapels and collars.

Exceedingly pretty hose gowns are made of cashmere, Henrietta, chaillies and nun's veilings. All these materials are soft and pretty and are well adapted for dressy gowns.

A dress that would be pretty for the house is made of red challis, with a satin stripe of red and small polka dots in black. The skirt is made with three narrow ruffles and a tunic drapery which also has a narrow ruffle of the goods. All these ruffles are trimmed with black chiffon plaiting. The waist is made with a black yoke, vest and girde of fancy black silk, and a ruffle of the goods edged with the black chiffon plaiting comes down on either side of the vest in front and around the yoke in the back and over the shoulders. The collar is of the black silk with a chiffon plaiting around the top, and the girde is edged with this chiffon top and bottom. The sleeves are close-fitting, with small pointed cuffs trimmed with the chiffon.

It is well to look around in the stores at this season for remnants of silk, satin, laces, ribbons and embroideries. There are many remnants of silk and satin that can be bought at a great reduction. In fact, some are marked down almost half price, and good qualities and lovely patterns are often found. These small remnants are nice for waists and coat linings. For instance, a beautiful quality of duchess satin that had been selling at \$1.50 a yard; three yards of this was bought for \$1.50, the price of one yard. It would not have been pretty for a waist, as it was a dark plum color, but there was just enough in this piece to line a coat, and for that purpose it was used. Oftentimes remnants can be picked up in this way, not only in silks, but dress goods, laces, etc.

Scotch flannels come in pretty stripes of pink and white, blue and white, and gray and white, and this goods makes up nicely into very pretty shirt waists, especially some of the gray and white stripes, which at a distance looks almost like silk. This goods sells from 25 cents a yard up, and it is also nice for dressing saques, wrappers and bath robes.—Ladies' World.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Some Short Suggestions Upon Various Matters in the Domestic Department.

An excellent every-day pudding may be made with a cupful of fruit juice as a foundation. Bring to the boiling point one cupful of water and one cupful of fruit juice. Dissolve three table-spoonfuls of cornstarch in a little cold water, stir into the boiling sirup and cook ten minutes. Add one-half salt-spoon of salt and sugar to make of the sweetness required. The quantity, of course, depends upon the tartness of the fruit juice used. Beat the whites of three eggs until foamy, but not too stiff, and stir into the pudding. Turn into a mold and set in a cool place to harden. Serve cold with a boiled custard made from the yolks of the eggs.

In preparing the little cucumbers for pickling, do not forget to add a little horseradish root to the vinegar. The horseradish helps to retain the strength of the vinegar and prevents mold coming over the top of the pickle.

Berry and peach-stained fingers are apt to be the order of the day now, but ordinary fruit stains can be readily removed with a little lemon juice, followed by a vigorous rub with a nail brush. If they prove too obstinate, however, a more radical method is to rub them with diluted oxalic acid, rinsing them with clear water afterward.

An English arrangement in berries and cream will be quite as effective and delicious substituting nice sliced peaches for the berries. Take a pretty china dish, put a layer of peaches slightly crushed and sugared, then some cream, more peaches and cream, until the top is reached. Set the whole on ice until quite frozen. Cut with a silver knife.

In canning peaches or other large fruit there is usually much more sirup than the fruit requires. This may be put into jars by itself and can be used for flavoring custards, blanc mange and pudding sauces during the winter.

Lace, white satins and silks keep a much better color if put away in blue tissue paper. The Turkish embroideries in gold or silver should be wrapped in several layers of black tissue paper, which prevents tarnishing.

The test of a canteloupe, says a Catskill grower of the luscious fruit, is in its fragrance. Break a little piece from the stem end with the thumb nail. If the canteloupe smells spicy it is quite sure to be good.

Calif's liver may be sliced, dipped in fat, laid on a gridiron and broiled just as well as chops or steak. Season, send to the table on a hot platter, and serve on hot plates.—Washington Star.

Distance Not Specified.

Swelguy—You say you'll guarantee this horse to trot in 2:40?

Horse Dealer—Yes, sir.

"You mean a mile in 2:40?"

"Well, I didn't name any distance, sir, but he'll go as far as he can in 2:40."

—Ohio State Journal.

OVER-WORKED BRAINS.

Bad Habit of Business Men Increasing Insanity and Mental Collapse.

Business men are to-day being driven to the madhouse as they were never driven before. And why? Chiefly because they cannot or will not allow themselves time in which to refresh their faded brains. Nature has equipped us with no more exquisitely complex piece of mechanism than the brain. It is capable of withstanding tremendous strains, but because it does not always cry out, like our limbs, when it is tired, we are apt to forget there is a limit to its endurance. Like the pirate omnibus horse, it is flogged up hill and down dale until, after mute protests, it finally collapses. How, then, can we make tolerably sure of keeping sane? This question can be best answered perhaps by citing a few examples of men who have not succeeded in keeping sane.

There has lately died in the north of England a well-known accountant, who for seven years never took a holiday. In splendid practice, he was anxious to amass a fortune and retire early. After being five years in perpetual harness his brain began to show signals of distress. He was not so quick at figures as he used to be, nor so accurate. It was plain that his mind required rest. He refused to obey the mandate of exhausted nature, however, and stuck to his books. Two years later his brain gave way to such an extent that he was unable to repeat the multiplication table. Subsequently his mind became a total blank; and, though perfectly conscious, he died without even recognizing his wife.

Even doctors do not invariably keep sane. A popular member of the profession succumbed to insanity last year. His brain warned him of what was in store for him, but he had jumped into a big practice which brought him big fees. The first indication of mental disturbance was his inability to remember names of patients. Impaired memory is a certain sign of brain exhaustion and want of repose, but the doctor disregarded it. The result was that he developed into a hopeless idiot.

An enormous amount of insanity can be traced to the habit indulged in by business people of taking their work home with them. The men who achieve most success in life and live to enjoy the fruits of their labors are those who, confining their commercial operations strictly to office hours, devote their evenings to their families or to the pursuit of some hobby. The best brain tonic is change of occupation. Yet some of the richest men, while maintaining their brains at concert pitch throughout the day, spend their after-dinner hours in devising plans for acquiring wealth. The disastrous consequences of their folly they discover when it is too late.

One day about five years ago a city merchant, who had boasted that he had never wasted an hour, ordered some soup at a restaurant. Strangely enough, just as he took the first mouthful his brain seemed to snap. From that moment his gold might have been so many bricks for all the use it was to him, for he starved himself to death. Nature had repeatedly held out the red flag to this persistent money grabber. For some time he had been unable to fix his attention on any subject; when writing his flow of words was deficient and his spelling inaccurate; but he preferred to thrash his brain to destruction rather than lose a few sovereigns. Mind wandering is one of the first precursors of mental decay; but the fault can be remedied by relaxation—by forgetting the cares of business of an evening and bracing the mind with fresh interests.

Tradesmen are chronic sinners in this respect. Engrossed with the one idea of getting ahead of their rivals, as they scarcely help being in these strenuous days, they unnecessarily employ their evenings in concocting new enterprises, overlooking the fact that the brain is capable of much better things after its fair share of rest than when it is continually on the move. A prosperous tradesman was placed in an asylum a few months ago after threatening to stab one of his most intimate friends. It was learned that he had long suffered from headaches, and that for a whole year his mind had been occupied, to the exclusion of everything else, in plotting how he could crush an opposition shop. In one of his sane moments he confessed that the pressure on his brain was such that he felt it could only be relieved by the shedding of blood.

No more extraordinary illustration of the danger of overworking the brain is, of course, concentrating it on one spot, so to speak, for the brain is never overworked if it is engaged on a variety of subjects—could be found than the case of a gifted lady artist who, after slaving at a picture for months and worrying about its ultimate fate at an important exhibition, fell into a deep sleep which lasted 19 hours. When she awoke her knowledge of art had completely vanished.—Cassell's Journal.

To Keep Grapes.

Pick all the faulty or bruised grapes from the bunches, leaving only sound, firm fruit with the skins unbroken. Then pack in new stone jars with, first, a layer of cotton batting, then a layer of grapes, and so on until full; tie a strong paper over the top and set away in a cool, dark place. If carefully done, they will keep nicely until Christmas, and will make a nice addition to the good things prepared for the Thanksgiving and Christmas feasts.—Housekeeper.

Didn't Want 'Em Bunched.

"This is a nobby suit, sir," said the tailor. "I put all the latest wrinkles in it."

"Yes," remarked the customer, surveying himself in the glass; "but don't you think it would have been better had you distributed them? I don't care about having 'em all in the middle of my back."—Philadelphia Record.

MONARCHS OF MAINE.

Such Were Certain Men of Money in Their Respective Towns for Many Years.

The masterful kings of old Maine are not all dead yet. A sturdy race of uncrowned monarchs rules many a down east town with the same vigor that Simpson has held sway over Carmel for 60 years. This is well illustrated by the case of Elder George Higgins, leader of the Holy Ghost disciples, who was tarred and feathered at Levant a few weeks ago. Since Elder Higgins was carried on a rail over the town line into Glenburn the believers in the gospels of Higgins have made frantic efforts to immortalize John White by calling him the modern Nero. John White owns the town of Levant. When the annual taxes come due he draws his check for the full amount and deposits it with the town treasurer, getting the benefit of the ten per cent. discount allowed on payments made before August 1. Then he goes among the taxpayers, taking hay, stock, potatoes and apples until his claim is satisfied. He is the financial and moral center of the community, higher than whom no man can presume to be. What Patrick Jerome Gleason tried to be in Long Island City John White is in Levant, and has been for 40 years. Therefore, while Mr. White was not present when Higgins was decorated, the followers of Higgins believed the town boss was the instigator of the outrage. In the hope of implicating White in the affair, 27 men and boys were arrested and taken before Judge Vose, of the Bangor municipal court.

At the hearing three men testified that they saw members of the mob scratch matches and apply the blaze to the tar-coated body of Higgins. In reply to the question why these men applied burning matches to Higgins, Reeves Clements said:

"I suppose they wanted to touch him off."

"Nero! Nero!" cried some of Higgins' followers from the back part of the courtroom.

In the days before the civil war nearly every small agricultural town in Penobscot county had its local sovereigns, whose functions were similar to those which John White exercises in Levant. They were all hardy money grabbers, but punctilious in keeping contracts and often generous, particularly when generosity advertised their business. Their ascendancy was gained by catering to the needs of the people. The money in general circulation was state bank notes, which were always going to protest, and could not be negotiated on any terms outside of Maine. After repeated losses the poor farmers learned that the name of a leading townsman on the back of a note was far more reliable than any bank's bill.

The issuing of a national currency saved Maine from ruin. It also enabled the local money lenders to make large profits from speculation in mortgages, bills of sale and brokerage commissions upon everything from the sale of a litter of pigs to the purchase of a substitute for some man who had been drafted and didn't want to go to the war.

The manner of conducting their operations was much the same in all the towns, though every man had some special which distinguished him from his rivals over the town line. Calvin Whitney, who owned most of Dixmont, believed he could perpetuate his fame by having male children named in his honor. He paid cash prizes of five and ten dollars to poor parents who would attach his name to their offspring. The result is that about one-third of the middle-aged men who reside in Dixmont and Newburg to-day bear the Christian name of Calvin Whitney.

Joseph Wheeler Eaton, for 30 years the boss of Plymouth, displayed his talents along agricultural lines. If a man had a yoke of steers valued at \$50 and wanted to raise \$25 for immediate use, Eaton furnished the money and took a bill of sale. When the steers had grown to oxen and were worth \$250 or \$300 Eaton would go to the debtor and offer to let him have another pair of steers as good as the pair for which the bill of sale had been recorded. The farmer was glad to consent. Then Eaton sold the oxen for beef, making \$200 profit on a four-year's investment of \$25. Of course the farmer had the use of the steers all the time they were growing to oxen, and for this reason he naturally felt grateful to Eaton for his kindness.

John Gardner, of Patten; Nathan Ellingwood, of Greenbush, and John Morrison, of Corinth, held sway in their respective towns. Gardner and Ellingwood are dead, but Morrison, who is 86 years old, drives a pair of fast bays to Bangor, 22 miles away, as often as once a week, and can train a calf or shave a note as neatly as he could half a century ago. Francis W. Hill, the king of Luster, made \$100,000 before the war. He put half of his fortune into Maine Central railroad stock when quotations were down to ten and twelve cents. Six years ago Hill died and his estate was appraised at \$600,000.

White, of Levant; Morrison, of Corinth, and Simpson, of Carmel, are the only survivors of 20 or more town kings who ruled Penobscot county for a quarter of a century. Simpson won lasting fame by account of his opposition to sacred concerts.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Involves Early Rising.

"Sunsets and sunsets!" exclaimed the connoisseur. "Why never a sunrise?"

"Ah, there is the difficulty of obtaining a model, you know!" protested the artist, who was in every sense a bohemian.—Detroit Journal.

The Man Triumphant.

She—How dare you say women have no sense of humor? I know a girl who can make lovely puns all day long.

He—What has that to do with the argument?—Indianapolis Journal.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A German army officer estimates that in the century just closing no less than 30,000,000 men have been killed in war in civilized countries.

In ten years American life insurance companies have doubled their assets, the amount rising from \$637,128,642 in 1888 to \$1,314,901,198 in 1898. The increase has been decidedly the greatest since prosperity returned to the country.

The Department of Fisheries of Newfoundland has at present twenty-eight hatcheries in operation. Every year these give life to 450,000,000, and, during seven years, there have been placed in the sea more than 3,000,000,000 young lobsters.

During the tremendous excitement of gold discovery in California, the greatest production in the United States was \$65,000,000 per annum. The regular gold production of the country is now greater than that, and it is annually increasing about 10 per cent.

The expenses of the queen's household are estimated at £172,000 a year. Probably the oldest toy in the world is the top. It has been used all over the world for thousands of years, and in some savage tribes is used in the performance of religious rites.

Drinking glasses called tumbler owe their name to the fact that they are the successors of little round silver bowls, so perfectly balanced that whichever way they were tipped about on the table they tumbled into position again and there remained with the rim upward, as if asking to be refilled.

To the man who knows nothing about the rate of swimming—that is to say, to the great majority—it will probably seem that Mr. Jarvis, the amateur champion, did not do a very remarkable feat in swimming 1/2 mile in just 23 minutes at Leicester, England, the other day. Nevertheless this is a world's record for the distance.

Philadelphia can boast of the longest asphalted street in the world. Broad street has that unique distinction. It is the only street which is of even width for 11 miles, and this width is the greatest ever attained by any street for a course of 11 miles. Broad street is 113 feet wide and measures 69 feet from curb to curb, and 35 men can walk abreast on it.

Bed covering is intended to give the body the warmth that is lost by reduced circulation of the blood. When the body lies down the heart makes ten strokes a minute less than when the body is in an upright posture. This means 600 strokes in 60 minutes. Therefore, in the eight hours that a man usually spends in taking his night's rest the heart is saved nearly 5,000 strokes.

There are 10,000,000 bicycles in use in the world. If half of these turn out on a fine day, 5,000,000 cyclists will be having a spin. If they do so on the average 7 miles apiece that will make a total distance of 100,000,000 miles a day. A hundred million miles is 4,000 times round the world. Each wheel of the average machine turns 700 times in a mile. So that one fine day, when half the cyclists in the world do a 20-mile spin, witnesses 140,000,000 revolutions of the 10,000,000 wheels.

THE BOSTON HOTEL WAY.

How an Absent-Minded Chicagoan Was Allured Back to Pay His Bill.

"My friends call me an absent-minded man," said the man with the tweed suit, "and I guess they are pretty nearly right. I was in Boston the other week for three days, and when ready to depart I took my grip and walked out of the hotel without a thought of the bill. Didn't the clerk say anything? Not a word. They don't jump on a man all of a sudden over there! I had half an hour to wait at the depot, and I was strolling around as contented as you please, when a smiling stranger timidly walked up to me and wanted to know if I had a good time in Boston. I was rather nonplused, but replied that I had. Then he asked me if I had found the hotel all right. I told him it was bang-up. Then he switched off on the weather a minute, and all of a sudden it struck me we had met somewhere before. When I put it to him he said that my face also had a familiar look. I placed him a bit, and said:

"Why, you were around the Blank hotel a good deal during my stay."

"Yes, I was," he replied.

"And you are just getting away?"

"Oh! no. I belong there, you know, and I came down to ask you a favor."

"A favor? What is it?"

"I'd like to borrow nine dollars of you to pay your hotel bill!"

"Well, if I wasn't knocked out!" laughed the absent-minded man. "It was the hotel detective, of course, and he was trying to make it dead easy for me. Just notice how considerate of my feelings! I felt so thankful in one sense and so mean in another that I went right back to the hotel. I walked up to the desk with my mouth full of excuses and apologies, but before I could get out a word the clerk smiled at me and said:

"Ah! It is Mr. Johnson! Glad to see you, Mr. Johnson. Will you have a room on the second floor, front?"

"I paid my bill and took a fresh start," said Mr. Johnson, "and I shall never get over feeling grateful to those hotel people. It was all so easy and nice and genteel, you know, and though I tried to make myself believe that I was a hotel beat I couldn't do it."—Chicago Evening News.

And the Hand Paved.

Waiter—Kin Ab bring you an 'ade, sah?

Jollyboy—What kind of 'ades have you?

"Lemonade, Orangecade an' limesade, sah!"

"Bring me a screnade."—Chicago Evening News.

LUMP OF WET CLAY.

How It Reformed a Young Man with Criminal Tendencies.

Until His Genius for Sculpture Began to Develop He Was One of the Most Incurable Inmates of a Reformatory.

Three years ago a young man was brought into the Boston police court on a charge of assault with intent to rob, was convicted and sentenced to the state reformatory at Concord.

It was clearly shown that this was an aggravated case and that the prisoner, although only a little over 20 years old, was a vicious and apparently hopeless character.

He had the reputation of being continually embroiled in quarrels, had been arrested more than once and had once, at least, served time.

The beginning of his life at the reformatory was equally discouraging. He was stubborn, rebellious and always ready to fight. It was soon necessary to discipline him.

In the allotment of classes for the industrial training which all of the inmates of the institution have been to work with the men studying engraving, says the Philadelphia Press.

It was soon seen that he had an aptness for this work. His designs had truer lines and were more artistic than those of the other men.

The room in which the engravers worked is very large, and in one corner a few boys had done crude work in clay modeling. One day this man took up a lump of wet clay. Almost of itself it took shape in his fingers.

He was encouraged to continue, and soon sought the opportunity to do so.

It took only a few days to show that he had remarkable talent as a modeler, and he was allowed to devote all of his time for industrial work to this. His success was astonishing and his designs grew more and more artistic and ambitious.

The superintendent of the reformatory, Mr. Joseph F. Scott, arranged to



THE BOY PRISONER. (Bust Modeled by an Inmate of the Massachusetts Reformatory.)

have one of the most expert modelers in Boston come to Concord several times to give him instruction in those mechanical details which can be acquired only by practice.

Meanwhile the developments of the man's moral nature kept pace with the artistic.

It was not an easy task, for the old instincts were strong. It was as easy as ever for his old passions to flame up, and, influenced by them, his first impulse was to rebel and fight.

Then, almost as if painted on a canvas, could be seen the progress of the struggle going on in his mind as he said to himself: "Now, if I let myself go, in word or deed, I shall be disciplined, and that means that my time for this work will be shortened or taken away altogether."

And in the end the art nature would win.

His first life-size figure was a head of the Madonna. When that was finished he took as a model one of the boys in the same shop with himself just as he worked, in inmate's cap and clothes.

His success in reproducing a likeness from life was phenomenal, and the life-size east made from his model now stands in the office of the institution.

This head was very nearly completed when word came from the commissioners to the superintendent that this man's time was completed, and he was to be discharged the next day.

Several months before that time a letter had come to the superintendent from an entire stranger in a certain large city, not Boston, making inquiry about this boy.

The writer was the proprietor of one of the largest carving establishments in this country. Correspondence with him elicited the information that a lady going to Concord some time before, like so many tourists in that historic town, had, like many others, visited the reformatory as one of the places of interest.

She had seen the young man at his work and had made inquiry in regard to him. Among her acquaintances was this man who employed many carvers and sought for artists.

She told him of the boy in the Massachusetts reformatory, and he now wrote that as soon as the prisoner was released he would be ready to give him a place at two dollars a day, with the opportunity to study a part of the time in one of the best art schools in the country.

The discharged prisoner went directly into that shop, and has been there for six months, a successful workman and a hard and conscientious student, whose prospects are apparently of the brightest.

On the World's Railways.
There are in use 1,500,000 railroad cars, and the total car wheels in use aggregate 12,000,000. They represent about 3,600,000 tons of iron.

SIEGFRIED WAGNER.

Son of the Great German Composer Expects to Visit the United States Next Winter.

Siegfried Wagner expects to visit the United States this winter for the purpose of conducting concerts in the principal cities of the north and east. He is the son of the renowned composer, Richard Wagner, and the grandson of a no less noted German musician, Franz Liszt.

Young Wagner first gave his attention to music some 13 years ago. During his father's lifetime he had received no encouragement to study music.



SIEGFRIED WAGNER. (Son of the Great Composer, Who is About to Visit America.)

But the atmosphere in which he grew up was charged with music, and when he was left free to follow his inclinations he started out at once to see what he could do as his father's successor. A lack of ambition was certainly not one of his failings.

He studied hard and he studied long. His mother saw that he received the best training imaginable. Hans Richter, one of the greatest conductors on the globe, taught him the techniques of handling an orchestra. He worked in theory and learned to play many instruments himself, giving special attention to the piano. Then, when all seemed ready, he appeared before the world as a conductor of his father's works. That was a great event in the German musical world, though to tell the truth the people who crowded to hear him were led more by curiosity than by expectation of a real musical treat.

Since then much of his life has been spent at Bayreuth, where, under his mother's direction, he became almost as familiar with the staging of the Wagner operas as she was, and she was certainly the greatest of all Wagner stage directors. Young Wagner is not credited now with any of his father's genius, but his friends point to the short time he has busied himself with music and predict that the future has much in store for him.

His manner of conducting is nervous, rather than forceful. He knows the scores of the greater part of the Wagner operas, so that he can conduct almost without following the books. Personally Wagner is a small man, though larger than his father. His face is intelligent, his expression is keen and his bearing self-reliant. His mouth is sweet and sunken and his chin protrudes, and he has been described as looking like Richard Wagner very much feminized.

He is thoroughly a man of the world, and loves a pretty face almost as much as he loves music. He was given in his youth a thorough academic training, and was intended for an architect. The Liszt tomb at Bayreuth was designed by him.

STATION ON SKATES.

How a Railway Company Moved a Depot from One Place to Another in Just Two Hours.

Down in Campbell county, O., is a small town on the Chesapeake & Ohio road known as California. When the railway station was built the few houses of the village immediately ad-



STATION ON SKATES. (Pulled from one End of Town to the Center by a Locomotive.)

joined it. Since then, however, the town has grown away from the station until its main business portion was nearly half a mile off. One morning the railroad company sent down a lot of men armed with jackscrews, skids and rollers. When the inhabitants of California went to their dinners the station was still reposing half a mile down the track. When they got back to work the station was standing almost next door to the post office, "in the heart of the city." The workmen had "jacked" the building up, moved it over to the railroad tracks, put steel shoes under it, greased the tracks, hitched on an engine and pulled it down the road to a site on the main street. The station is 60 by 25 feet, and it took less than two hours to complete the work.

Lost a Historic Stone.

After some improvements had been made in North Capitol street, Washington, D. C., it was discovered that the workmen had thoughtlessly made away with a historic stone set in place by George Washington.

Footwear for Canneries.

An Indianapolis storekeeper who sells wooden shoes says that this style of footwear is extensively used by people who work in canneries, where hot solder, acid, etc., on the floors would ruin shoe leather.

ONCE KEPT TAVERN.

Henry Clay's Mother as the Head of a Kentucky Inn.

Her Going to the Blue Grass State from Virginia a Factor in History—Regularly Visited by Her Distinguished Son.

Nothing, probably, is more interesting to the student of history than to trace the obscure causes which have led to great events. Comparatively few people now living know that the mother of Henry Clay once "kept tavern" in Versailles, Ky., and fewer still that had this not been the case Clay probably would not have come to Kentucky at all. What a change this might have been in American history! How important, then, was the journey that Henry Watkins and his wife, Elizabeth Clay Watkins, made through the wilderness 100 years ago!

The Watkins family arrived in Versailles about the close of the eighteenth century, bringing with them quite a retinue of slaves. It may be said here that there is little foundation for the popular idea that Henry Clay's boyhood was spent in an atmosphere of poverty, obscurity and absolute want. The mother of the "Mill Boy of the Slashes," Elizabeth Hudson, was a member of a wealthy Virginia family, and in wedding Rev. John Clay, after whose death she married Henry Watkins, she married into a family of equal prominence with her own. The Clays and Hudsons, according to local traditions, lived in the rather gorgeous style of the Virginia gentry, and if Rev. John Clay was poor, it was no doubt due to the devastation wrought by the revolutionary war. It is extremely unlikely that his poverty could have been so great as the story books would have one believe.

Henry Clay, says the Chicago Tribune, did not accompany his mother and stepfather to Kentucky, but remained in Richmond, as deputy in the clerk's office, and engaged in prosecuting his legal studies. The Watkinses shortly took charge of the only hostelry in Ver-



THE OLD WATKINS TAVERN. (A Kentucky Inn Once Managed by Henry Clay's Mother.)

sailles, and "Watkins Tavern" became famous in the surrounding country. They had a two-story stone house built at Main street and Court square by Henry Metcalfe, at that time a stonemason and afterwards governor of Kentucky.

Such places were a sort of political headquarters and a rendezvous for the discussion of the news of the day, at a time when news traveled only by stage coach. The Marshalls, the Crittendens, the Blackbarns, the Clays, the Watkinses and other prominent men no doubt planned campaigns at "Watkins Tavern," and there Gen. Lafayette was entertained in 1826.

Mrs. Clay-Watkins was an unusually attractive woman. While not a beauty, she was comely, with dark hair and eyes and rosy cheeks. Her manners were engaging and she was a most entertaining conversationalist. She had a well rounded and shapely figure, and possessed great vigor of mind and body. Her first husband, Rev. John Clay, evidently realized fully his wife's charms, for, in making his will, he more than once gave directions "in case my beloved wife should intermarry betwixt this and then." And sure enough, at 33, the mother of nine children, she married Mr. Henry Watkins, "an elegant and accomplished gentleman" of 23, for whom she afterwards bore seven children.

She is reputed to have been a noble woman, much revered by those who knew her well, and with striking individuality and an imperious will.

Henry Clay's visits to his mother after her removal to Kentucky were as regular as the seasons. He spent a considerable part of every summer in Versailles, and was a familiar figure on the streets of the village. He removed to Kentucky and located in Lexington in 1797. After the death of his mother he was frequently here to visit his step-sister, Mrs. Blackburn.

As a young man Henry Clay was much esteemed in this community, many of the friends of his youth becoming his staunch supporters when he had risen to exalted eminence as a statesman.

About the year 1815 the Watkinses gave up their tavern in Versailles and settled upon a farm, which they owned, three miles south of town. There Mrs. Watkins died in 1829 at the age of 80 years. Her remains were buried in a country graveyard close by, and rested there until 1851, when they were removed to Lexington by her son Henry.

Albert Edward's Uniforms.

There are 17 British naval and military uniforms in which the prince of Wales may appear. He has also four foreign uniforms—namely, as honorary colonel of the Fifth Pomernian (Bluecher) hussars, the Twelfth Austro-Hungarian hussars, the Kieff regiment of Russian dragoons, and the First Prussian regiment of dragoon guards.

GOOD JOKE ON DEWEY.

Bronze Statue Captured at Cavite as a Relic of His Campaign Proved to Be Wood.

When Admiral George Dewey captured Cavite one of the first things to take his attention on going ashore was the statue of a Spanish explorer named Eleano, in the center of one of the large squares of the city. After examining it closely it occurred to him that it would be just the thing to send home to Washington as a relic of the city he had just taken. He had already pictured how well the souvenir would look when placed on the lawn in front of



MONUMENT OF ELEANO. (Sent to Washington by Orders of Admiral Dewey.)

one of the fine government buildings at the national capital. It pleased him, and he then and there resolved that he would have it.

Accordingly, the next day he sent ashore half of the company of the Olympia with derricks and other hoisting apparatus, with instructions to take down the statue and prepare it for shipment to America. The statue stood 30 feet high, on the top of a splendid pedestal inclosed by a neat iron fence. The admiral had told the men to be very careful not to damage the fine bronze figure in taking it down, explaining how anxious he was to keep it intact as a prize of the Philippines campaign. The derricks were immense affairs, intended to lift many tons.

The men began work, and were surprised to see with what ease it was lifted, and only when it had been lowered to the ground did they discover that instead of being metal, it was nothing but an old and partly rotted wooden statue, painted a bronze color. Admiral Dewey was disgusted when informed of this fact, and was tempted not to send it home at all. He finally decided to ship it to Washington. This is said to be the first time the admiral was fooled during his campaign on the Atlantic station; but, nevertheless, it is a standing joke on Dewey among the soldiers and marines in the Philippines.

PROF. SIMON NEWCOMB.

Famous American Scholar Just Elected President of the New Astronomical Society.

Simon Newcomb, who has just been chosen president of the newly organized Astronomical and Astrophysical Society of America, is reputed to be the greatest astronomer in the world. His tables of the planets is one of the most conspicuous astronomical works on record and has been adopted in the naval almanacs of Europe and America. In recognition of this work he has received gifts from royalty and decorations from leading universities and societies of learned men in every part



PROF. SIMON NEWCOMB. (President of the Astronomical and Astrophysical Society.)

of the world. In 1874 he was awarded the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society; in 1878 the University of Leyden presented him the Huygenses' great gold medal, which is awarded once in 20 years; in 1890 the Copley medal was sent to him by the Royal society, of England. Degrees have been bestowed upon him by the leading universities of Europe and America. He is senior professor of mathematics and astronomy at Johns Hopkins university. He was born in Nova Scotia March 12, 1835. He received an appointment in 1857 as computer on "The Nautical Almanac," then published at Cambridge, Mass., and attended the Lawrence Scientific school. He became professor of mathematics in the United States navy in 1861; being assigned to duty in the naval observatory in Washington. He devoted his attention to astronomy and made that his profession. He has been a member of many astronomical commissions. He has been president of the American Society for Physical Research and vice president of the National Academy of Science. Prof. Newcomb has given much time and thought to political economy, and is the author of several books on that subject, as well as on mathematics and astronomy.

MAN OF MANY PARTS.

William Owen Smith Who Is to Represent Hawaii.

He Will Be the First Delegate to Congress from the New Territory—What He Has Done to Merit Public Confidence.

William Owen Smith, who has just been selected by the government of the republic of Hawaii to represent the islands at Washington during the coming session of congress, is one of the tried, trusted, best-known and ablest public men of the new territory. His mission will be to answer questions bearing on legislation to be enacted for the purpose of extending the American system to the mid-pacific. At present Hawaii has merely the protection of the United States. The stars and stripes were raised there on August 12, 1898, but the old order obtains, with President Dole and his cabinet at the head of affairs, till the enabling act already prepared becomes a law.

The special ambassador to Washington was born in the islands a little less than 50 years ago. After finishing with the schools down there, he attended an American university, took up the law and was admitted to practice before the courts of the state of California. Mr. Smith was for a short time sheriff of one of the islands, but resigned to join the reform party, or opposition to the crown, and for nearly 20 years was a member of the legislature. During all of that time he was with the minority, but, with the cooperation of a few men like Mr. (President) Dole, succeeded in accomplishing much. In those days, up to late in the 80's, the whole of the membership of the house of nobles (senate) was appointed by the crown. About all the political power was in the hands of the king. He appointed his ministers, who could only be removed at his pleasure or by a vote of want of confidence on the part of two-thirds of the legislature. As many of the representatives had been assisted to their seats either by the king direct or by nobles, and as one man could then hold



WILLIAM OWEN SMITH. (Appointed to Represent Hawaii in the American Congress.)

any number of offices, the minority had a hard row to hoe.

Most of the meetings preliminary to the concerted movement which resulted in the overthrow of monarchy, January 17, 1893, were held at the downtown law office of W. O. Smith, less than 400 feet from the police station. Mr. Smith and his friends were being watched closely all the time by the officers of Queen Liliuokalani, and the wonder always has been that they were not summarily treated. They were armed and determined, but weak in numbers.

It is only a few months ago that Mr. Smith left the cabinet. He had been the attorney general from January 17, 1893. He was a regular glutton for work. When yet a mere boy, Mr. Smith organized what is now the Planters' Labor & Supply company, one of the most powerful aggregations of wealth and enterprise and action and effectiveness to be found anywhere. He edited the monthly organ of the planters, and for a time was in daily newspaper work. In the division of the civil service work the attorney general in the islands is legal adviser to the government, and all its officers, is at the head of the police department, with a marshal for executive officer, and finally holds the responsible post of president of the board of health. Mr. Smith performed all his duties with such intelligence, thoroughness and honesty that his resignation was accepted with the greatest reluctance by President Dole and associates, and deeply regretted by all citizens.

As Mr. Smith was a stalwart in the overthrow of 1893, so was he one of the chiefs in suppressing the rebellion of 1895. His control of the police department and the remarkable degree of efficiency which obtained in that bureau gave the country a well-drilled force supplemental to the regular army. Mr. Smith believed in hitting hard at the time of a crisis, but when once the natives in rebellion were subdued the attorney general was among the first to set about for reconstruction.

Perhaps the most signal service Mr. Smith ever performed for the islands was late in the summer of 1895, when the Asiatic cholera was brought to the port of Honolulu from the orient. As president of the board of health, Mr. Smith handled the situation like a veteran general. He called for the aid of citizens of all races and classes, and was the father of the system of inspection and cleansing which stamped out the disease in three weeks, with a loss of but 80 lives.

In the first delegate from Hawaii the public men at Washington with whom Mr. Smith comes in contact will find a gentleman worthy any state in the union, a practical, capable man, but a total stranger to the trimming and jobbing known so well to the politicians of the mainland.

THE OLDEST SOVEREIGN.

Grand Duke Adolph of Luxembourg, Now 82 Years of Age, Rightful Holder of the Title.

In connection with the eighty-second birthday, which took place on the 24th of July, the oldest sovereign in Europe, H. R. H. the grand duke of Luxembourg, we publish a portrait specially taken for this occasion. Among most people the belief has prevailed that the queen of England or the king of Denmark is the oldest sovereign, but the grand duke of Luxembourg and duke of Nassau is now 82, whilst King Christian attained his eighty-first birthday on April 5, the queen having been 80 on



GRAND DUKE OF LUXEMBURG. (The Oldest Reigning Sovereign in Europe.)

May 24. But, on the other hand, the grand duke was one of the last sovereigns to ascend the throne; in fact, when he did so, seven years ago last November, the queen of England had reigned 55 years. However, Prince Adolph had ascended the throne of Nassau as far back as 1839, but was driven therefrom by the victorious Prussians in 1866. The then duke of Nassau married, in 1844, Grand Duchess Elizabeth Michaelowna of Russia, who died in the following year, and, secondly, the present grand duchess, Princess Adelaide of Anhalt, in 1851. Of the latter marriage there are two children, the hereditary Grand Duke William and Princess Hilda. The latter is the wife of the hereditary grand duke of Baden, and childless; the former married, in 1894, Infanta Maria Anna of Braganza, and of this marriage there are three daughters. It would therefore seem that by some strange irony of fate the crown and splendid domains of Luxembourg may at some future time revert to the Dutch crown, whence they were separated on the accession of Queen Wilhelmina in 1890; for, whilst a woman may reign in Holland, she cannot do so in Luxembourg. During the seven years of the grand duke's reign he has done much to embellish his quaint capital of Luxembourg, which had been so sadly neglected by the Dutch kings; and the Luxemburgers, who have little in common with the Dutch, are charmed at having their own sovereign and being an "independent nation."

DR. LYMAN'S NOOSE.

New Fangled Contrivance That Does Away with the Hangman's Knot and Cannot Slip.

Dr. Albert B. Lyman, of Baltimore, is the inventor of a contrivance for hanging criminals which he claims will not fail to break the neck, says the News of that city. The number of instances in which the culprit dies a slow death from strangulation are well known, and the device, a cut of which is here published, has worked admirably on dolls and manikins. The contrivance does away with the hangman's knot and cannot slip. A bar of steel, curved to the shape of the back of a



DR. LYMAN'S NOOSE. (A New Contrivance for Hanging American Criminals.)

human neck, has ropes leading to the center of the inside of the curve, which pass through a hole in the middle of the bar. By pulling the ropes out a few inches and crossing them one over the other a perfect noose is made, easy in slip, but when once attached rigid in its action. Dr. Lyman would have the condemned stand on a low platform, with no drop, and the other end of the rope attached to a weight heavier than the criminal. When all is ready the weight is dropped from a shelf and plunges heavily to the ground, jerking the criminal in the air with such force as to surely break his neck with the doctor's device. Having reached the zenith of its flight the body would as speedily descend, the neck being thus given another killing wrench, which would certainly cause a fracture if the first movement failed.

Fire Squad on Bicycles.

The commissioners of the District of Columbia have decided to equip the fire department with 40 bicycles and have firemen designated to use them. These firemen will be provided with small fire extinguishing outfits for small fires. By this provision the police will be enabled to ring an alarm on the slightest indications of a fire, and the bicycle squad will reach the scene quicker than the big engines.

The Iron Port

THE IRON PORT CO. Publishers
LEW A. CATES, Editor and Manager

The country is surely enjoying great prosperity. North and south, east and west, business is booming. The activity in the iron trade is immense. The great foundries and machine shops are taxed to their utmost, with lots of orders ahead now. Great activity in the iron industry is a sure index as regards business prosperity.

The Iron Port is of the opinion that the county board erred when it refused the people an opportunity to vote on bonding for \$25,000 for road purposes. It is not for the supervisors to say whether or not money shall be raised and expended in the improvement of our highways; the electors of Delta county should decide the question, and the board, in all fairness to its constituents, should give them an opportunity to do so.

The objection raised by those opposed to bonding, i. e., the manner in which the money is expended, certainly carries some weight. The commission has full power to act in the matter, and follows its own sweet will. It is not meant by this that the work is not faithfully done, or the funds misappropriated, but some of the supervisors feel that the county board should have the matter in hand and direct the commission.

The action of the board of supervisors in making the county physicians' term of office three years instead of one year, should receive the commendation of all. Some weeks ago The Iron Port suggested, and advocated, that such action be taken at the annual session of the board, and at that time advanced what it believed to be "good and sufficient reasons" in support of its position. The annual squabble among physicians for this appointment has created no inconsiderable ill-feeling in the county, and especially in Escanaba, the seat of the light, and the longer term will have a tendency to do away with this. There are also other things to take into consideration, prominent among them being more efficient service.

Labor Commissioner Cox has received returns from all the registers of deeds of the state in reply to his questions in regard to the number of mortgages filed during the present year. The reports show that up to the present time 3 per cent. fewer mortgages have been filed than were placed on record during the same period last year. There have been 12 per cent. more discharges. The rate of interest and the average amount of the mortgages have been reduced. A majority were given as a part of the purchase price of property rather than for money borrowed.

Escanaba's factories pay thousands of dollars per month to labor. The butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker; the dry goods dealer and the grocer; the clothier, the shoe dealer and the printer; and every line of trade, and the landlord, each get part of this money. Within a few hours it passes from hand to hand and buys the necessities of life to make home comfortable and happy. This is what internal industries do for a nation. This is what the republican party has long and bravely fought for—protection to American industries.

The Massachusetts republicans are in the field with an exceptionally strong platform and ticket. The platform strongly endorses the McKinley administration. The republicans promised the country better times and they are

fulfilling their promises despite the obstacles their opponents have been throwing in their way. The carping critic who will not open his eyes to the industrial and business activity going on around him, but who continues to carp and criticize is nothing more than a partisan, and seeks to avoid the truth rather than tell it.

That the coming fall elections will have no material significance is clearly shown by Senator Burrows of Michigan in an article in the October Forum. He does not believe it will be possible to divert public attention so completely from local questions in the various states as to make the result certainly indicative of the judgment of the people of the whole country upon the issues that will be presented in 1900.

The Iron Port today publishes a large batch of proceedings of the county board of supervisors, in session this week. There is considerable valuable information contained therein, and every reader should carefully peruse them. The reports of the various committees are particularly instructive.

A bible trust is the very latest. It is not known just what section or clause of the Dingley tariff puts a protective tariff on religion, but we suppose that this terrible tariff law is responsible for this trust just the same.

Although the election of county officers is yet far off, Gladstone is clamoring for a place on the ticket. Mr. Linden being out of the race, The Iron Port would suggest that Gladstone be given the clerkship.

Marquette did not succeed in getting the agricultural experiment station, but, in the language of the Hon. John M. Hartnett, the state institution "is close to the Marquette county line."

Mayor Hartnett declares that his third term boom has not been launched. And he further asserts that it will not be. He has had enough glory—and hard work as well.

If the farmers of Delta county do not want a fair let them come forward and say so. Or have they so proclaimed by their continued absence from the agricultural building?

What has become of the Northwestern Lumber & Co. company's proposed plan to erect a factory in Escanaba? Are we doomed to disappointment?

Coin Harvey may always be found where the click of the cash register is the liveliest. He has just completed a tour through the wheat and corn belt of the west.

Twenty-three mills and factories in the city of Reading are said to be enlarging their plants in order to supply the demand for their products.

Aguinaldo's book should prove interesting reading. It contains correspondence upon which the Filipino bases his claim for independence.

Now if Dewey wants the presidency all he has to do is to say so. Our own Governor Pingree stands ready to support him.

The copper country is prosperous. The mines of that locality are now giving employment to nearly 14,000 men.

This is an off year in politics, yet the fall elections promise some republican gains. And why not?

MAY CARRY THE MAILED. The Street Car Line When Fully Equipped Will Be Prepared to Do So.

The power house of the Escanaba Street Railway company will be one of the best in the country, capacity considered. It will not only furnish abundant power to operate the company's cars, but will supply power to others about town. Work on the structure is progressing rapidly, and if the unforeseen does not happen the cars will be operated by the company's own power by November 1st. When everything is in readiness the line will be well equipped for business, and cars will be run regularly throughout the winter. It is likely that the mails and express will be carried to and from North Escanaba, where connections will be made with the Soo Line.

Sir Henry Irving on Shakespeare. Sir Henry Irving devoted part of his summer holidays to writing an article, which he has given to The Ladies' Home Journal. It is called "Shakespeare in Small Communities" and tells how the study, reading aloud and acting of Shakespeare's works may be followed in communities away from the larger centres.

The Cray Travels at the Presbyterian church the week of October 23d.

EVER HAVE IT?

If You Have, the Statement of this Escanaba Man Will Interest You. Ever have a "low down" pain in the back? In the "small" right over the hips? That's the home of backache. It's caused by sick kidneys. That's why Doan's Kidney Pills cure it.

Escanaba people endorse this—read a case. Mr. Theo. Farrell of 411 Wells Ave. engineer on the North Western says: The majority of men who follow my calling suffer from backache. In some cases like myself they are a long time on the road before the symptoms develop, in others the tugging and swinging of the cap brings on attacks much sooner. I watched the action of my kidneys carefully and had a specially constructed seat made on the engine to counteract its effects. As soon as I found that my kidneys were not just right I took some good kidney tonic to correct them. I found Doan's Kidney Pills answer my purpose admirably. Reading about them I decided to leave off the remedy I always depended upon, and procured a box of Doan's Kidney Pills at Mead's drug store with the intention of giving them a chance to prove that there was something of merit in their composition. The results obtained were all that could be wished. Since I have stopped I have had no indication of a return.

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sole agents for the U.S. Remember the name Doan's and take no substitute.

Professional Cards.

DR. C. H. LONG, Physician and Surgeon. Special attention given diseases of the eye, including fitting spectacles. Office and residence No. 602 Wells Avenue, ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

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What is Celery King? It is a scientific combination of rare roots, herbs, barks and seeds from Nature's laboratory. It cures constipation, nervous disorders, headache, indigestion and liver and kidney diseases. It is a most wonderful medicine, and is recommended by physicians generally. Remember it cures constipation. Celery King is sold in 25c. and 50c. packages by druggists.

LEGAL NOTICES.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—TWENTY-FIFTH Judicial Circuit.—I do hereby fix and appoint the times of holding the several terms of the Circuit Court in the counties comprising said Circuit, for the years 1900 and 1901, as follows, to-wit: FOR THE YEAR 1900: DICKINSON COUNTY—January 8, second Monday; April 9, second Monday; July 16, third Monday; October 13, third Monday. DELTA COUNTY—January 12, third Monday; April 16, third Monday; July 23, fourth Monday; October 20, fourth Monday. MEMONIE COUNTY—February 1, first Monday; May 1, first Tuesday; August 13, second Monday; November 19, third Monday. IRON COUNTY—February 19, third Monday; June 4, first Monday; October 8, second Monday. MARQUETTE COUNTY—February 20, fourth Monday; May 14, second Monday; September 11, second Tuesday; December 4, first Tuesday. FOR THE YEAR 1901: DICKINSON COUNTY—January 7, first Monday; April 5, second Monday; July 15, third Monday; October 14, second Monday. DELTA COUNTY—January 14, second Monday; April 15, third Monday; July 22, fourth Monday; October 21, third Monday. MEMONIE COUNTY—February 4, first Monday; May 6, first Monday; August 12, second Monday; November 18, third Monday. IRON COUNTY—February 19, third Monday; June 3, first Monday; October 7, first Monday. MARQUETTE COUNTY—February 21, fourth Monday; May 20, third Monday; September 10, second Tuesday; December 3, first Tuesday. *Non-jury, unless otherwise ordered. J. W. STONK, Circuit Judge. Dated Oct. 20, 1899.

MICHIGAN STATE LAND OFFICE, Lansing, Oct. 1, 1899. Notice is hereby given, that the following described Swamp Land situated in Delta County, forfeited for non-payment of interest, will be offered for sale at public auction at this office on the 9th day of November, A. D. 1899 at 10 o'clock A. M., unless previously released according to law. WM. A. FRENCH, Commissioner.

Table with columns: No. of Cts., Sec., Town, Range. Rows include sections 226, 21809, 23800, 25116, 25116.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—State of Michigan, County of Delta. In the matter of the estate of Charles Boudin, deceased. Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned, administrator of the estate of said Charles Boudin, deceased, by the Hon. Thomas B. White, Judge of Probate for the County of Delta, on the eleventh day of September, A. D. 1899, there will be sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the Court House, in the city of Escanaba, in the county of Delta, in said state, on Tuesday, the thirty-first day of October, A. D. 1899, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day (subject to all encumbrances by mortgage or otherwise existing at the time of the death of said deceased) the following described real estate, to-wit: Lots three (3) and (4) of block forty-four (44) of Campbell's Addition No. 3, to the city of Escanaba, Delta County Michigan. Also the west half of the north-west quarter of Section twelve (12) in township thirty-nine (39) n 17th of range twenty-three (23) west, in the township of Wells, Delta county, Michigan.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—State of Michigan, County of Delta. In the matter of the estate of Thomas Smith, deceased. Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned, administrator of the estate of said Thomas Smith, deceased, by the Hon. Thomas B. White, Judge of Probate for the County of Delta, on the twenty-fifth day of September, A. D. 1899, there will be sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house in the city of Escanaba, in the county of Delta, in said state, on Tuesday, the twenty-first day of November, A. D. 1899, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of that day the following described real estate, to-wit: All of those certain pieces or parcels of land situated in the township of Sac Bay, county of Delta, and state of Michigan, and described as follows, to-wit: The southwest quarter (1/4) of section thirty-three (33), township thirty-eight, (38), north of range nineteen (19) west. Dated this twenty-fifth day of September, A. D. 1899. ANDREW PATERSON, Administrator.

PROBATE NOTICE FOR HEARING CLAIMS BEFORE COURT—State of Michigan, County of Delta, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Delta, made on the 17th day of September, A. D. 1899, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Edward Donovan, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, for examination and allowance, on or before the 31st day of March, A. D. 1899, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Monday the 4th day of December, A. D. 1899, and on Monday the second day of April, A. D. 1900, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days. Dated, September 25, A. D. 1899. T. B. WHITE, Judge of Probate.

ORDER FOR PROBATE OF WILL.—State of Michigan, County of Delta. At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Delta, holden at the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, on the thirteenth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine. Present, Hon. Thomas B. White, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of John Helps, deceased. On reading and filing the petition duly verified, of Christina Helps, praying that a certain instrument now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, may be admitted to probate, and that letters testamentary be issued to said Christina Helps, the executor named in said will.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 6th day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon be assigned for the hearing of said petition and that the legatees and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate office in the city of Escanaba, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Delta, for three successive weeks, previous to said day of hearing. (A true copy.) T. B. WHITE, Judge of Probate.

First publication Oct. 14, 1899. ORDER FOR HEARING FOR THE ASSIGNMENT OF THE RESIDUE OF ESTATE.—State of Michigan, County of Delta. At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the probate office in the city of Escanaba, on the twentieth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine. Present, Hon. Thomas B. White, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of John C. Rathfon, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Samuel B. Rathfon, executor of said estate, praying for the assignment of the residue of said estate to the legatees named in the will of said deceased. Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the sixth day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that all persons interested and heirs-at-law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden in the probate office, in the city of Escanaba, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing. (A true copy.) T. B. WHITE, Judge of Probate.

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THE COUNTY BOARD.

Official Proceedings.

Continued From Last Week.
October 12, 9 o'clock a. m.—The board was called to order by the chairman.

All the members were present except supervisor Brotherton.

The Auditing committee submitted a report stating that bills from No's. 1 to 81 inclusive had been before the committee.

Moved by Mr. Hartnett, supported by Mr. Leighton, that the board go into session as a committee of the whole for action on the several bills and the report of the committee. Ayes unanimous.

Whereupon the board went into a committee as a whole with Mr. Narracong in the chair.

After a time the committee arose and through its chairman reported that bills from No's 1 to 81 inclusive (see record of claims) had been reviewed, and that the bills had been allowed in full with the following exceptions: No's 9, 10, 16, 52 and 79 had been rejected; No. 13 allowed at \$4.00, No. 30 at \$4.10, 32 at \$4.85, 70 at \$10.00 and bills No's 49 and 50 have been laid aside for further action of the board.

Moved by Mr. Hartnett, supported by Mr. Narracong, that report be accepted and adopted, and that the bills be allowed as reported by the committee, and that the chairman and clerk be instructed to issue county orders in payment of the several amounts.

The motion was carried by the following vote:

Ayes: Besson, Curran, Dausey, Darling, Devet, Dupont, Derry, Embs, Foster, Hammerberg, Hartnett, Hazen, Hirn, Kauthen, Leighton, Mason, Monson, Narracong, Nelson, Stephenson, Swanson, Ward, Burns.

Nays: None.
Moved by Foster and Besson that bills No's 52 and 79 be rejected.

Ayes unanimous.
Moved by Narracong and Besson, that the board proceed to elect county physicians for the ensuing year.

Moved in amendment by Mr. Foster, supported by Mr. Ward, that the physicians be selected for three years, with the understanding that if the hospital in the meantime be leased or disposed of, their services shall cease at such time.

The amendment was carried.
Whereupon the motion as amended was voted upon and carried.

Thereupon the board proceeded to elect county physicians.

Mr. Hartnett placed in nomination Drs. Booth, Youngquist and Long.

Mr. Besson nominated Drs. Reynolds, Cotton and Chollette.

A vote was taken and Drs. Booth, Youngquist and Long received 23, and Reynolds, Cotton and Chollette received one vote each.

Whereupon Drs. Booth, Youngquist and Long were declared duly elected.

Moved by Mr. Stephenson, supported by Mr. Dupont, that the county physicians be paid an annual salary of \$1500 or \$500 each, same to include examination of insane patients.

The motion was carried by the following vote: Ayes: Besson, Curran, Davis, Dausey, Darling, Devet, Dupont, Derry, Embs, Foster, Hammerberg, Hartnett, Hazen, Hirn, Kauthen, Leighton, Mason, Monson, Narracong, Nelson, Stephenson, Swanson, Ward and Burns.

Nays: None.
Thereupon the board took a recess until two o'clock p. m.

G. T. BURNS, O. V. LINDEN, Chairman, Clerk

The board reassembled at 2 o'clock and was called to order by Mr. Davis.

All the members were present except Burns and Brotherton.

Moved by Derry and Narracong, that Mr. Davis be appointed to act as temporary chairman.

Ayes unanimous.

Moved by Hartnett and Narracong that the board organize itself into a committee as a whole for the discussion of a report from the committee on equalization.

Ayes unanimous.

The board went into a committee as a whole.

After a time the committee arose and through its chairman reported that the following report of the committee on equalization had been received and the committee recommended its adoption. (See report.)

Moved by Mr. Foster, supported by Mr. Hirn, that the report of the committee be received and adopted and that the board do hereby equalize the valuation of the taxable property in the various townships and cities in Delta county for the year 1899, in accordance with the report of the committee.

REPORT OF EQUALIZATION COMMITTEE.

To the Honorable Board of Supervisors of Delta County: Gentlemen—Your Committee on Equalization after carefully examining the assessment rolls of the different townships and cities in Delta County, herewith beg to submit the following minority report as the result of their labors in equalizing the assessment rolls for the year 1899.

Township or City.	Acres Assessed.	Valuation as Assessed.		Total Valuation as Assessed.	Valuation as Equalized.		Total Valuation as Equalized.	Amount Added or Deducted.
		Real Estate	Per. Estate		Real Estate	Per. Estate		
Baldwin Township.....		101 605	1 055	102 660	108 608	1 055	109 663	7 003a
Bark River Township.....		54 050	8 652	62 702	48 493	8 652	57 145	5 557d
Bay de Noc Township.....		25 100	1 357	26 517	31 803	1 357	33 160	6 643a
Escanaba Township.....		152 155	2 500	154 655	116 597	2 500	119 097	35 558d
Fairbanks Township.....		25 754	1 335	27 089	31 092	1 335	32 427	5 338a
Ford River Township.....		98 430	41 300	139 730	168 581	41 300	209 881	70 151a
Garden Township.....		96 620	28 925	125 545	102 741	28 925	131 666	6 121a
Maple Ridge Township.....		91 850	200	91 550	104 540	200	104 740	13 190a
Masonville Township.....		151 229	51 483	232 712	185 948	51 483	237 431	4 719a
Nahma Township.....		89 719	29 229	118 948	103 842	29 229	133 071	14 128a
Sac Bay Township.....		16 310	65	16 375	14 778	65	14 843	1 532d
Wells Township.....		76 778	41 700	118 478	99 025	41 700	140 725	22 247a
Escanaba City.....		849 760	130 875	980 635	1 000 237	130 875	1 131 112	150 477a
Gladstone City.....		308 152	48 890	356 542	206 065	48 890	254 455	102 087d
TOTAL.....		2 167 072	387 066	2 554 138	2 322 350	387 066	2 709 416	305 298a 150 015d 155 278

T. V. WARD, T. B. DAVIS,
JNO. M. HARTNETT,
ANDREW J. SWANSON.
FRED DARLING. }
Com. on Equalization.

The motion was carried by the following vote:

Ayes: Besson, Curran, Davis, Dausey, Darling, Devet, Dupont, Derry, Embs, Foster, Hammerberg, Hartnett, Hazen, Hirn, Kauthen, Leighton, Mason, Monson, Narracong, Nelson, Stephenson, Swanson, Ward.

Nays: None.
Moved by Mr. Embs, supported by Mr. Dupont, that the Game warden's salary be fixed at \$600 for the ensuing year.

Ayes: Besson, Curran, Davis, Derry, Embs, Foster, Hammerberg, Hartnett, Hazen, Hirn, Kauthen, Leighton, Mason, Monson, Narracong, Nelson, Stephenson, Swanson and Ward.

Nays: None.
Mr. Hartnett, supported by Mr. Foster, offered the following resolution and moved its adoption:

Resolved: that the sum of twenty-five thousand (\$25,000) be raised by loan on the credit of the county of Delta for the purpose of constructing and maintaining county roads, and that the bonds of the county of Delta be issued therefor to run ten years from date of issues and to bear interest at the rate not to exceed five per cent per annum, interest payable semi-annually and

Resolved, further that the proposition to raise said loan by issuing bonds be submitted to a vote of the electors of the county of Delta at the annual election to be held in the various townships and cities of said county on the day of April, 1900, and that the ballots to be used relating to said proposed loan shall express in plain characters the words: "County bonds for county roads, Yes," or "County bonds for county roads, No."

The resolution was defeated by the following vote:

Ayes: Besson, Curran, Darling, Dupont, Derry, Foster, Hammerberg, Hartnett, Leighton, Monson, Nelson, Stephenson.

Nays: Davis, Dausey, Devet, Embs, Hazen, Hirn, Kauthen, Mason, Narracong, Swanson, Ward.

Mr. Ward supported by Mr. Narracong, moved that the question of abolishing the county road system be submitted to the electors to be voted upon at the general election to be held in April, 1900.

The motion was lost by the following vote:

Ayes: Dausey, Darling, Davis, Devet, Derry, Embs, Hazen, Kauthen, Leighton, Mason, Narracong, Swanson and Ward.

Nays: Besson, Curran, Derry, Foster, Hammerberg, Hartnett, Hirn, Monson, Nelson, Stephenson.

The county treasurer submitted the following report:

Moved by Ward, supported by Dupont, that the report be received and referred to the finance committee. Ayes unanimous.

The committee on justice dockets reported as follows:

ESCANABA, MICH., Oct. 12, 1899.—To the honorable Board of Supervisors: We, your committee on justice dockets, beg leave to report that we have carefully examined the reports of the Justices of the Peace and compared same and find that the following Justices have paid into the county treasurer the following amounts: A. R. Moore, Escanaba City, \$ 88.00; Frederick Huber, Gladstone, 50.00; Hiram G. Squire, Garden Vll., 14.90; Emil Glaser, Escanaba City, 155.00; D. C. Dillabough, village of Rapid River, 5.00; Peter Loux, Fairbanks Tp., 15.00; Alfred E. Besson, Baldwin Tp., 5.00; O. V. Linden, Co. Clk., circuit court prosecution, 125.00.

Respectfully Yours,
D. NARRACONG,
PETER HIRN,
MAGNUS MONSON.

Moved by Embs, supported by Dupont, that the report be received and spread upon the minutes.

Ayes unanimous.
The following report was read: Report of Inspectors of Jails for the county of Delta, of inspection made September 16, 1899:

To honorable Board of Supervisors: The undersigned Inspectors of Jails for the county of Delta, in compliance with the provisions of law (Secs 9649-9654, found on page 2318 of Howell's Annotated Statutes of Michigan, as above amended), would respectfully report:

That on the Sixteenth day of September, 1899, they visited and carefully inspected the county jail of said county, and found as follows:

1. That during the period since the last required report and to the date of this examination there have been confined at different times 27 prisoners, charged with offenses as follows:

Drunk and disorderly, male 8, female none; assault and battery, male 5, female none; bastardy, male 1, female none; larceny, male 3, female none; insanity, male 4, female none; concealed weapons, male 1, female none; truancy, male 3, female none; house ill-fame, male none, female 2. Whole number, 27.

2. There are now in jail, detained for trial, none; there are now in jail serving sentence, 2; there are now in jail awaiting sentence, none; there are now in jail awaiting commitment, none; number now in jail, male 2, female none. Total, 2.

Number of the above who are, under 16 years of age, none.

3. Number usually confined in one room by day, four to six.

4. Employed in jail, none.

5. Condition of bedding, fairly good, clean. Condition of cells, fair; requires painting. Condition of the halls, fair; requires painting. Condition of water-closets, good.

6. What distinction, if any, is made in the treatment of prisoners? None.

7. Are prisoners under 16 years

of age at any time, day or night, permitted to mingle or associate with older prisoners? Not as a rule. At times it is impossible to keep them entirely separated.

8. Are prisoners arrested on civil process kept in rooms separate and distinct from prisoners held on criminal charge, as required by Sec. 8941 Howell's Statutes? Always when room will admit.

9. Are male and female prisoners confined in separate rooms as required by Section 8942, Howell's Statutes? Yes.

10. Is there a proper jail record kept, and is it kept properly posted, and does it comply with Sec. 9664, page 2320, Howell's Annotated Statutes of Michigan? Yes.

11. What, if any, evils either in construction or management of jail are found to exist? To small to admit of Sheriff complying all requirements of the law at all times.

Recommendations: First, that a new and suitable jail building be erected, as the present structure is entirely inadequate.

Second, that the interior of the present structure be placed in thorough repair by plastering and painting and calmsining, and that the roof of the jail proper be re-shingled.

T. B. WHITE,
Judge of Probate.

T. J. TRACY,
Co. Supt. of Poor.

A. H. ROLPH,
Co. Agt Board C. and C.

Moved by Ward, supported by Hartnett, that the report be received, and referred to the committee on public buildings with instructions to said committee to act on the recommendation for necessary repairs.

Ayes unanimous.

Moved by Mr. Hartnett, supported by Mr. Derry, that the matter of the suits commenced by Delta county against John A. McNaughtan, Richard Mertz, Peter M. Peterson, ex-county treasurers, and their sureties be referred to a special committee consisting of Messrs. Burns, Ward, and Narracong, and that said committee be instructed to act with the prosecuting attorney, and that they be authorized to accept a settlement of the claims against said parties; and that the prosecuting attorney be authorized to discontinue said suits if a settlement is effected suitable to said committee.

The motion was carried, all the members present voting aye.

Mr. Narracong, supported by Mr. Stephenson, offered the following resolution and moved its adoption: Resolved, That the county treasurer be, and he is hereby authorized to pay over to the township of Baldwin the sum of \$500 out of the amount collected on delinquent taxes in said township up to the present time, and that said township's indebtedness to the county of Delta for said amount be extended until enough delinquent taxes can be collected to repay the amounts.

BALDWIN TOWNSHIP.
Township tax, \$700; highway tax, one-half of one per cent; school tax, \$1,800; school tax building purposes, three mills.

BARK RIVER TOWNSHIP.
Township tax, \$400; highway tax, \$125.40; town hall tax, \$300; school tax, district No. 1, \$450; school tax, district No. 2, \$900; school tax district No. 3, \$250.

BAY DE NOC TOWNSHIP.
Township tax, \$500; highway tax, cash one-half of one per cent; highway tax, labor one-half of one per cent; school tax, district No. 1, \$200; school tax, district No. 2, \$150; school tax, district No. 3, \$150; school tax district No. 4, \$175; school tax, district No. 5, \$100.

ESCANABA TOWNSHIP.
Township tax, \$500; highway tax,

The resolution was adopted, all the members present voting aye.

Thereupon the board took a recess until ten o'clock tomorrow morning.
G. T. BURNS, O. V. LINDEN,
Chairman, Clerk.

October 13th, 1899, 9 o'clock a. m. The board was called to order by the chairman. All the members were present except Supervisor Brotherton.

The committee on finance and taxation submitted the following report:

To the Honorable Board of Supervisors of Delta county: Gentlemen: We, your committee on finance and taxation beg leave to submit to your board the following report:

We have examined the books in the county treasurer's office and checked over the vouchers and receipts and find everything correct.

The following is a statement of the finances of the county:
By bal. on hand Oct. 1, '98 \$ 2,637.62
Receipts during the year, 154,423.18

Disbursements during yr. 153,207.18
By balance on hand 38,053.62

We find that the following amounts will be needed for county purposes for the ensuing year:
Salaries of County Officers, \$8,000.00
Salary of School Com., 500.00
Poor fund, 3,000.00
Janitor's salary and supplies, 1,540.00
Court expenses, 2,000.00
Supt's, mileage and per diem, 800.00
Amt due townships, 5,664.50
Bills all'd at this meet'g, est., 1,500.00
Total 23,004.50

We also find that a state tax has to be levied for the following purposes: For Soldiers' Relief fund, one tenth of one mill; for agricultural purposes, one-tenth of one mill; for county road purposes, two mills on the equalized valuation of 1898.

We also find that the several township and city clerks of the townships and cities in the county have filed in the county clerk's office certificates as to the amount of money to be raised by taxation in said townships and cities for township, school, highway, contingent, city and other purposes in the following amounts for the year 1899, to-wit:

BALDWIN TOWNSHIP.
Township tax, \$700; highway tax, one-half of one per cent; school tax, \$1,800; school tax building purposes, three mills.

BARK RIVER TOWNSHIP.
Township tax, \$400; highway tax, \$125.40; town hall tax, \$300; school tax, district No. 1, \$450; school tax, district No. 2, \$900; school tax district No. 3, \$250.

BAY DE NOC TOWNSHIP.
Township tax, \$500; highway tax, cash one-half of one per cent; highway tax, labor one-half of one per cent; school tax, district No. 1, \$200; school tax, district No. 2, \$150; school tax, district No. 3, \$150; school tax district No. 4, \$175; school tax, district No. 5, \$100.

ESCANABA TOWNSHIP.
Township tax, \$500; highway tax,

labor one-half day's labor on each \$100 valuation; highway tax cash, one mill; poor fund, \$47.75; highway and damages tax, \$100; school tax, \$1,400; school tax, building purposes, one mill.

FAIRBANKS TOWNSHIP.
Contingent fund, \$300; highway tax, labor \$135.44; poor fund, \$50; school tax, district No. 1, \$250; school tax, district No. 2, \$150; school tax, fractional district No. 1, \$105.

FORD RIVER TOWNSHIP.
Contingent fund, \$500; highway fund, cash, \$700; bridge fund, \$5, school tax, district No. 1, \$1,000; school tax district No. 2, \$350; school district No. 3, \$320; school tax district No. 4, \$225.

GARDEN TOWNSHIP.
Contingent fund, five mills; school tax, two per cent.

MAPLE RIDGE TOWNSHIP.
Township tax, ten mills; highway tax, five mills; school tax, twenty-three mills.

MASONVILLE TOWNSHIP.
Contingent fund, \$1,000; highway tax, \$1,163.56; bridge tax, \$500; school tax, \$5,000.

NAHMA TOWNSHIP.
Township tax, \$300; bridge purposes, one-half of one per cent; highway purposes, one-half of one per cent; school tax, \$1,000.

SAC BAY TOWNSHIP.
Township tax, \$300; highway tax, cash \$73.47; highway tax, labor \$73.47; school tax, district No. 1, \$200; school tax, fractional district No. 1, \$105.

WELLS TOWNSHIP.
Township tax, \$1,000; general-highway tax, \$460.67; special highway tax, \$305.29; school tax, district No. 2, \$100; school tax, district No. 3, \$300; school tax, district No. 4, \$250.

CITY OF ESCANABA.
City tax, one-half of one per cent; interest and sinking fund, three mills; school tax, one and one-fourth per cent; school tax, building purposes, one-half of one per cent.

CITY OF GLADSTONE.
City tax, \$4,500; Throop judgement tax, \$2,000; street district fund, one half of one per cent; sinking fund, three mills; school tax, \$8,888.55.

We would therefore recommend that there be levied and spread upon the tax rolls of the several townships and cities in Delta county for the year 1899, for state purposes the sum of \$11,800.22. For county purposes the sum of \$23,004.50. For county road purposes the sum of two mills on the equalized valuation of 1898. For Delta County Agricultural society one-tenth of one mill. For soldiers' relief fund, one-tenth of one mill, and for township, highway, bridge, contingent, city, school and other purposes the several amounts set forth in the foregoing statement, and that the state, county, township and the soldiers' relief fund taxes be apportioned among the several townships and cities in this county in proportion to the equalized valuation.

Continued on Last Page.

The Iron Post.

ESCANABA, MICH.

A QUEER COUPLE.

Hubband and Wife Who Lived Under Same Roof for Years Without Speaking.

With the palsy of age upon them, Roger and Martha Coit, the tenants of the "divided house" of Roxborough, stood in the police court. Ever so long ago, when the hillsides were furrowed by the plows and farmhouses nestled where elaborate villas now stand, he took the woman to the cottage. Her hair is white now and very thin, as faded as her memory of happy days.

He was a dairyman and she a farmer's daughter. Now and for a quarter of a century back their home has rested under the shadow of a mysterious sorrow.

They quarreled and ceased to speak. Roger and Martha Coit refused to reveal the cause to the magistrate. Let those reason it out who think they can divine what motive could make utter strangers of lovers, could so steel the hearts of this man and wife that they have lived beneath the same roof for 25 years with never a word for each other.

In what had been the dining-room Roger Coit, after they quarreled, placed a stove, bought utensils and thereafter cooked his own meals there, at them there, lighted his lamp and read there at night—always alone. In the kitchen Martha Coit lived the same way. On the threshold of one of the two bedrooms upstairs Roger Coit never placed his foot. Once a week he would kneel before the door and push some paper money under it. If husband and wife met on the stairway they looked straight ahead and tried to avoid brushing against each other.

Ten years ago Coit gave up his business. Since then a small income has been his, and he has divided it with the woman. But for the last month he had failed to push money under the door. She never spoke a word to him about it. At the fourth week she went to the police court—her groceryman advised this course—and swore out a warrant charging her husband with nonsupport.

A Roxborough man had informed his honor of the queer lives led by the tenants of the divided house.

Cracked and wavering arose the voice of withered Roger Coit:

"I ain't got no wish to stop supportin' of her," said he. "But the money what I git every month were held back, an' I won't git it fer two weeks yet. Then I'll pay her same as ever. I didn't think she'd want fer nuthin'." The storekeepers up in Roxborough'll trust her for whatever she wants. They told me they would."

"I ain't wanted fer nothin'," quavered Martha Coit. "I jest thought he had stopped payin' me fer good."

"I'm discharged, ain't I?" asked Roger Coit.

"Yes," said his honor. With the aid of a heavy stick in his shaking hand the old man walked out. After a little the woman went.—Philadelphia North American.

THE TRAVELING SCHOLAR.

A Story Which Well Illustrates the Canniness of the Scotchman.

In medieval times, when the seats of learning in Europe were almost hopelessly isolated from one another by great distances and bad roads, the desire for knowledge was so great among students that they would travel on foot from university to university. One of these zealots was Andrew Melville, a Scot, who afterward returned to his native land, and became a disciple of the stern Calvinist, John Knox.

With his staff in his hand, and for baggage a Hebrew Bible slung over one shoulder, he trudged over Europe. His biographer quotes from a quaint chronicle, which relates how he and a friend eventually reached Geneva, footsore and almost penniless. The guards at the gates evidently thought that little good could come of admitting men who had nothing to give and everything to get.

"The ports of Geneva were fertile kept, because of the troubles of France and the multitude of strangers that came. Being, therefore, inquired what they were, the Franche man, his companion, answered:

"We are pair scollars."

"But Mr. Andro, perceiving that they had no will of pair folks, being already overlaid thairwith, said:

"No, no, we are nocht pair. (The narrator afterward admitted that they had "but a crown to the fore" between them.) We aff all mickle as will pay all we tek, sa long as we tarie."

So the guards were reassured, and opened the gates. How well the story shows that the Scotchman of to-day have inherited their canniness!—Youth's Companion.

Women Goldsmiths.

An interesting commission has been given by the French government to a lady art worker in gold for a necklace designed as a gift to the empress of Russia. It consists of 12 medallions in gold, each bearing the portrait of a French woman celebrated in political, literary or social history. The series begins with the first Christian queen of France and ends prior to the great revolution. The art work of the goldsmith was declared at the recent woman's congress in London to be peculiarly suitable for women.—N. Y. Sun.

Pench Potpie.

Put into a baking dish lined with paste some sliced peaches, sprinkle with white sugar and a little powdered cinnamon. Let it bake slowly for two hours. Serve with whipped cream.—Ladies' World.

In Love with a Painter

The Romance of a Portrait.

JACQUES BRUHIERE is an artist whose mythological pictures have a most delightful modern air. His Grecian goddesses look like Parisiennes; their wind-blown hair, their high-heeled sandals and a peculiar twirl to their drapery have captivated the Parisian ladies. So they crowd Jacques' studio and implore him to let them sit for Dianas and Andromedas. But he is a most unromantic fellow, and is swayed by no considerations other than those of gain. Although he is but 30, he has gained fame and some fortune; and he is so industrious that he flies from useless words and time-consumers—that is to say, women and bores.

A year ago, just after the art exhibit closed, Jacques determined to go on a sketching tour. So he packed his trunk, assisted by his friend, Eugene de Lassi, and was bidding adieu to his studio, when the servant entered with a note. It was a nice little note, daintily perfumed, and the address was written in the most delicate hand imaginable. He read it, frowned, and, crumpling it up, threw it on the floor.

"Confound the women!" he cried. "What's the matter?" asked his friend.

"Why, I'm such an unlucky fellow," replied Jacques. "There's always some woman or other bothering me, writing about how she admires my paintings, and how she'd like to see me, and all that sort of thing. Just as if a man should say he would like to see my paintings because he admired the cut of my beard. Look," said he, picking up the letter, "address Mme. Leonie, such a street and number."

"But," said Eugene, who was reading the note, "it's very well written, I assure you, full of most delicate wit. What are you going to do with it?"

"Oh, you literary men!" groaned Jacques. "What am I going to do with it? Why, burn it, of course. What do you suppose I am going to do with it?"

"I'll tell you what to do with it," said Eugene, "you're going away—"

"Yes."

"Then give it to me."

"Why, what'll you do with it?" said Jacques, with a stare.

"Well, I'll play painter," replied Eugene. "I'm not much of one, but I can daub a little—enough, at all events, to deceive a woman in love. And I'll find out who 'Mme. Leonie' is—that's only part of her name, I'm sure."

So it was settled. Jacques Bruhier, painter, set off for Switzerland, and Eugene de Lassi, man of letters, remained to personate him. But only for Mme. Leonie. Other visitors were told the truth—that the master was gone.

At last she came. Eugene's romantic fancy had painted her as young and beautiful. But she was more than that—she was divine. She was a brunette, and had the most delightful nose, the most sparkling eyes, the most glorious hair and the most adorable little hands and feet that Eugene had ever seen. He flattered himself that he was correctly made up for his role. His velvet blouse and jaunty cap were a little too clean, perhaps, but that was a good fault.

Mme. Leonie wanted her portrait painted, and it was very difficult for her to decide how it should be done. She wavered long. One day she would be Ombale; the next she had decided that to be represented as Salome was necessary to her peace of mind. But when Eugene had made his preparations, his fickle goddess decided that Delilah was the character that suited her. And then she would wander around the studio, and crape herself with the barbaric stuffs used by long-gone models, and handle the curious weapons, and examine the porcelains. And then she would say that she was weary, and would come the next day. And she would go, leaving Eugene de Lassi deeper in love than ever.

As for him, he was in a dream. He had retired from the world. At his own quarters his door was daily stormed by publishers, by managers, by printers' boys, by creditors and by friends. But no one knew where he had gone. He had told his servants he was going away, but had not told them where. It was wrong, decidedly wrong; but he took a certain ferocious joy in it when he thought how he himself had once pursued these same editors and managers.

Eugene had at last discovered that his idiomorata was a widow, wealthy and of good family. Her full name was Leonie de Nores. He had never told his love, but that she was blind to it was impossible. Yet she was certainly blind to his painting, for she expressed her admiration of it with an enthusiasm that made Eugene wince. But one day, when he was, as usual, attempting to transfer her to canvas, a particularly atrocious tree which he introduced into the background attracted her attention.

"Jacques," said she, "don't you think that you are—that you are—well, you're losing a little of your skill?"

"What!" shouted Eugene.

"I mean—that is—I'm afraid that I keep you from your work so much that—"

"I only hope that you may keep me from it forever," returned the amorous Eugene. And so the dangerous moment passed.

But this state of affairs could not last forever. One fine day, as Eugene was seated upon a divan thinking of his lady-love, who had just departed, who should enter but Jacques Bruhier. Yes, there he was, with his attendant carrying his umbrella, his sketch-books, his camp-stools, his baggage—a true artist from the country. The false one trembled as he thought that

his dream was over. Had he been a Borgia he would have slain his hand. As he was not, he pressed his hand warmly and bade him welcome.

But how could he extricate himself from his dilemma? How could he answer to a high spirited woman for the deception he had practiced upon her? As to persuading Jacques to consent to any arrangement for keeping up the deception, that was out of the question; where his art was concerned the painter would prove as deaf as a post and as unmanageable as a balky horse. So Eugene was puzzled.

Finally a bright idea occurred to him. "Why not," thought he, "give a comic turn to the affair? If properly done, Leonie will be disarmed. She is easily moved to laughter, and then I will explain and beg her forgiveness."

Alas! Poor Eugene's idea was not a happy one.

The next day when Leonie appeared, it was Jacques who met her at the door. He was in blouse, cap and carried palette and brushes.

"Can I see M. Bruhier?" she asked, with some little surprise.

"That is my name, madame," replied the painter.

"You Jacques Bruhier!" said she, with an amused laugh; and she pushed by him and entered the studio. "You the great painter? No, no!" and she seated herself and looked at him defiantly.

But if she was at her ease in the studio, he was more so. Her quick woman's eye noted this, and on the easel there was already begun a canvas in which she recognized the master's touch. Leonie was becoming ill at ease. She picked up a little Hindoo god which stood on the table beside her and fingered it nervously. Her hands trembled, the little monster slipped from them and dashed to pieces on the floor.

The artist stepped to the wall and rung the bell. The door opened and a servant entered, clad in livery and wearing an apron—rendered necessary by the fact of his cleaning brushes.

"Did monsieur ring?" he asked.

Leonie stared at him and grew white.

"Yes, Jean," replied the artist. "Gathering up the fragments of this trifle, which madame has unfortunately broken. Now," said he, turning to Leonie, "if madame will kindly inform me to what I owe the honor of this visit—"

He stopped. Her white, set face, her staring eyes, frightened him.

"A lachey!" she hissed; "a base lachey! And I have loved this heartless, cruel, lying wretch!"

With a sudden impulse of fury she snatched up a pretty toy, a silver poniard, which lay upon the table, and sprang at Eugene. Quick as a flash the artist dashed between them. But quick as he was, he was too late. The poniard struck Eugene in the side, inflicting a deep wound. As he did so, Leonie uttered a shriek and fainted away.

Eugene's comedy had become a tragedy.

"Truly a pretty sight for the studio of an honest, hard-working painter," groaned Jacques Bruhier, as he gazed upon the two prostrate forms. "This comes of obliging your friends. Catch me doing it again."

Three years had passed. Leonie was in the brilliant salon of Comtesse de Sagone, whose house was always filled with the literary men of the day, and she invariably secured the literary lion. She was making her way through the brilliant throng toward Leonie.

"My dear," said she, when she reached her, "you have read that novel of which all Paris is talking—Les Deux Princesses?"

"Yes," said Leonie, "it is a charming work."

"Do you know its author?"

"Eugene de Lassi? No. Is he here this evening?"

"Yes, and I want to present him to you. Ah, there he is. M. de Lassi!"

For a moment she hesitated; but the old spell reasserted itself and she found herself listening, almost against her will, to his plea for pardon. And he pleaded his cause most eloquently.

"I am half inclined not to forgive you," she said, at length, "you acted abominably—you know you did."

"I acted like a fool and a knave," said Eugene, "and you ought never to pardon me; but you will, won't you?"

"Well," said the beauty, semi-reluctantly, "if you'll be a very good boy—"

"Yes."

"And never deceive me again—"

"Never."

"And never paint any more such wretched trees—"

"Never."

"Then I forgive you for having played the servant."

"But I want to play it again."

She looked at him inquiringly.

"I want to be your servant forever."

•••••

His Safety Valve.

"Oh, yes," said the man with the square jaw, "my married life is quite a happy one."

"Glad to hear it," said the thin man, with the thin hair. "Got any particular system?"

"Yes. Whenever my wife gets into a tantrum I go out and find the fellow who introduced us and give him another licking."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Returned the Compliment.

An English gentleman of somewhat imposing personal appearance had a door opened for him at the Paris opera house by an usher, who bowed low and said: "The door is open, prince."

The Englishman glanced at him, and without extending the expected fee, simply said: "Thank you very much, viscount."—Youth's Companion.

BOB-TAILED ROMANCE.

A Cavalry Officer Whose Ideas of Matrimony Got a Severe Shock.

The presence of a young cavalry officer in Chicago lately and his subsequent evolutions in the saloons of the city have furnished the denouement of a "bob-tailed" romance of the Spanish war.

The young man, who begged the reporter to refer to him merely as Jackson, registered at a down-town hotel and then struck into a double-quick for the clubs of his friends. After the customary shuffle of introductory sentiments, the lieutenant burst out:

"Say, fellows, I want you to get me into Chicago society."

"There isn't any in the summer," replied one of the group. "Besides, we couldn't anyway; we have our reputations to look after, and we don't know what you and Hobson have been doing out there in the Philippines."

This and similar gibes were evidence of the fact that only a full confession would suffice, and one by one the men were taken aside and allowed to view the photograph of a beautiful young woman. The warrior swore by the blood of a hundred victories that he would find the original of that picture. In the event of failure he expressed a desire to be eaten alive by the Filipinos.

None of them recognized the young woman. They introduced him to scores of other society men and women, but they all stared blankly at the photograph and shook their heads. In final desperation Lieut. Jackson produced in evidence:

"Chicago, Ill., April 11, 1898.—My Dear Lieutenant: I have just seen your likeness in an April magazine and take the liberty of writing to you to ask a favor. I am getting old; I am nearly 50, and begin to fear that I shall never be married. Now, all the spinsters I ever knew gave as the reason of their single state the plea that their lovers went away to the war and never came back. I believe that the present war again offers the same opportunity to every young woman."

"And this is the favor: In the event of permission to say that we were engaged to be married? I inclose my photograph and remain sincerely,
X. Y. Z.,
General Delivery, Chicago Post Office."

The return mail carried an affirmative reply from the young officer, together with his photograph. Though he begged her to write to him, he never received any further communication. He served through the war in Cuba without wounds or sickness, and was then transferred to the Philippines, where the climate undermined his health. Two weeks ago he landed in San Francisco on sick leave, and came immediately to Chicago on his will-o'-the-wisp mission.

After days of continued search the young woman was identified as a prominent member of North side society, and a mutual friend volunteered to call with the officer on the following evening.

At the sight of the bronzed face and sound of the name the girl was startled out of her self-possession, but rallied during the pleasant conversation to continue the conversation.

"Lieut. Jackson has called," said the friend maliciously, "to assure you of his best wishes."

"Oh, how nice of you, lieutenant," she exclaimed, with visible relief. "And can't you stay for a wedding too? It will be next week."

The officer looked mystified. "You don't mean to say you're engaged?" he gasped.

"Why, yes; didn't you know it?" she replied, with a scowl at the mutual friend.

"But I—you—why, your letter—"

"Oh, yes, I know, lieutenant. But we were to be engaged only in case you died," was the consoling response.—Chicago Tribune.

A FAMILY QUARREL.

It Happened in a Soudanese Household Where There Were Seven Wives.

Family quarrels are always tragic for those concerned, but for outsiders they occasionally contain an element of comedy. This is certainly true of sundry families of the most primitive type. We quote a single instance from "Under the African Sun," by W. J. Anderson, a medical officer in the British service.

Imam Abdalla Effendi, a Soudanese officer in command at Kibero, had seven wives and five children. I was sent to enforce a judicial decision in favor of one of his wives, who had lately been divorced and demanded her dowry back.

He at once told me how his undutiful wife, instead of serving him with dinner, had thrown it at his head, and hiner, under the great provocation, he had divorced the woman. I told him I had not come to hear an argument, but simply to enforce a sentence. As a specimen of what one has to put up with from the natives, I give a few sentences of what was said on the occasion:

I—You are to refund this woman her dowry.

He—Heaven knows I have done so already.

She—It's a lie! He has only given me eight yards of silk.

He—I call Heaven to witness. I have nothing.

She—It's a lie! He has cows, goats and sheep.

And so the squabble went on. I insisted. Imam trembled for his best cow, and finally I suggested five sheep as an appropriate amount, and told him that if he selected the worst in his flock the woman should have the cow. Frightened at this, Imam brought out five beautiful animals, and, wiping the perspiration from his face, he entreated the woman to accept them and depart. This she was graciously pleased to do.—Youth's Companion.

A NOVEL INVENTION.

An Automatically Acting House for Protection Against Tornadoes.

A New York gentleman invented, in 1890, a tornado-proof house, which was to act automatically in self-defense, and which might be utilized either as a residence or as a place of refuge during a storm. The structure was built with wedge-shaped points at either end like the bow of a ship, and was mounted on wheels which moved on a circular track. A large, strong wing or vane projected from one end of the house and was intended to act, under the influence of a high wind, as a kind of weather-cock and wheel the building around on a pivot so as to present its sharpened edge to the blast. An appropriate apparatus underneath the house provided for holding it stiffly in position except under the action of a tornado; but the originator of this brilliant contrivance apparently assumed that a tornado blows steadily from one direction, and left out of his calculations its twisting qualities. The inmates of this place of refuge, when swept by the revolving hurricane, might be considerably astonished by its rapidity of circumlocution. However, the hopeful inventor adds to his description of the structure a suggestion that it might be peculiarly adapted for use as a hospital, since it could be turned on its wheels by mechanical force so as to present the sick ward to the sunshine throughout the length of the day, or to the ventilating effect of the breeze from whatever quarter it might be blowing. A private residence which could be turned so as to follow the sun and cause its purifying rays to shine into every apartment successively is a magnificent luxury which commends itself to every health-loving millionaire, but as only the minority possesses a million, the patent will, no doubt, expire unused. Akin to this laudable invention is another which proposes to put springs under a house to prevent its being shaken down by a possible earthquake. One of the most remarkable freaks in architecture since the prehistoric wooden horse of Troy is a house built in the shape of an elephant, which was patented, in 1882, by a gentleman of Philadelphia. In describing his conception, this gentleman stated that the form of any animal might be employed, as his principal object was to elevate the building considerably above the ground in order to permit a good circulation of air below the apartments and to insure well-lighted rooms. The legs of the animal, being hollow, were to contain flights of stairs leading to the rooms above, while the elephant's trunk might be effectively utilized as a chute for conveying slops and ashes to the sewer, the opening to which might, for picturesque purposes, be shaped so as to present the appearance of a trough out of which the animal might be supposed to be feeding. One of the elephant houses was actually erected on Coney Island, and proved quite a profitable speculation till it was destroyed by fire. The queer structure was still standing in 1893, and, on account of its size, could be seen at a considerable distance.—J. R. Nicholls, in Ainslee's Magazine.

SWORDS SELDOM CARRIED.

What an Enlisted Man Says About Heroic Pictures of Heroes of Land and Sea.

"There is one thing," writes Sergt. Ozias, "that should be spoken of to correct misapprehension of facts. Gen. Funston is spoken of and pictured as rushing at the insurgents with uplifted sword and scabbard swinging high. He did nothing of the kind, nor did any other officer worthy of being called one. At Marilao I stood (up) on the east bank of the river with the first platoon of company H, firing over the river at the rebels, to protect Funston and the men crossing the river. None of us were more than ten feet from the river bank, in full view of the enemy, and without even a blade of grass to protect us, but they were here from us. We yelled to Funston that Pennsylvania was attempting to cross to claim our victory. He started on a run as fast as his legs would carry him, shouting to the squad with him: 'Come on, boys; deploy,' and to us: 'Give 'em fits, boys.' Seeing him there without so much as a stick in his hand speeding his way like a shadow through the trees and banana stalks, over fences and bushes, ten yards ahead of his party, still yelling: 'Come on, boys!' stampeding chickens, hogs and dogs from among the houses, would have made a dead man laugh, serious as the affair was. Our platoon was firing at will, yet we guarded it so carefully that none but Filipinos felt it. At Calumpit, when Funston and the eight sets of fours crossed and ran the rebels out of their trenches and won in a few minutes a battle that had been fiercely fought for two days, Funston was again bereft, as were all officers except a few who carried native canes they had picked up, more as an aid to walking than anything else. I speak of these things to show that the sword should be left out of all pictures of this war; it is ornamental, not useful, and, as I was there and saw these events as they happened, I am (modestly) glad to tell of bravery not often paralleled in commanders."—Kansas City Journal.

Veragua Distinguished.

The duke of Veragua has two claims to distinction in his own country—he is a lineal descendant of Columbus and the principal breeder of bulls for the national sport of Spain. He has immense herds of splendid animals, which are under the charge of his brother, Christopher Columbus.—N. Y. Herald.

Filial Care.—"Jimmy, when I spank you it hurts me worse than it does you."

"Well, ma, why don't you put on pa's boxin' gloves?"—Chicago Record.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

She—"She said her husband had just embarked in business." He—"Yes; he works on a sailing vessel."—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Dothetown—"Poor, dear child! Are your parents dead?" Tenement Tommy—"I tink pap is. Him an' mar wuz fightin' when I left, an', gee, she wazn't doin' a' ting t' him."—Ohio State Journal.

"I suppose you like your new play very much?" "Yes, indeed." "No doubt the lines are quite bright?" "Well, to be frank with you, I haven't read them yet, but the costumes are simply gorgeous."—Stray Stories.

"Have you any idea what you are talking about?" "I don't believe I have. You see, my wife's away, and it is such a blessed privilege to talk all I want to that I don't wonder I get things mixed."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Hanging Warning.—"How cheerfully your husband runs your lawn mower." "Yes, I keep his father's old scythe hanging in the kitchen, and whenever he looks at it he knows he is well off."—Boston Traveler.

"Tell Mr. Cuthbert I'm out." "I haf already told him madame is in." "Then say when you came upstairs you found me out." "But, madame, he already says he has found you out, and zat is vy he must see madame."—Pick-Me-Up.

Hicks—"Funny thing happened to Melville the other evening. He found out when he pulled the door to after coming through it that he had left his keys in the house." Wicks—"And so he was forced to remain out all night? That was too bad." Hicks—"Yes; but he bore up under it with Christian fortitude. He thinks he will try it again some other night."—Boston Transcript.

THE BOLO OF THE FILIPINOS.

A Weapon Which Has Proved Ineffective Against Our Troops and Their Arms.

A letter from Lieut. William M. Copp, of the Sixth artillery, who is on the gunboat Nipadon in Laguna de Bay, gives the following interesting information concerning one phase of the fighting with the Filipinos:

"An odd trait in the character of the natives is that they never leave one of their dead if they can possibly get him away. They leave more now than they used to, for this reason: Formerly they had at least five men for every gun, and about all these men were good for was to carry away the wounded and dead, although they were armed with bolos. These weapons were very effective against the Spaniards, as the bolo men apparently cared nothing for their own lives, and the Spaniards did not have the courage to stand when they charged—60, of course; they were cut to pieces, the bolo being without doubt one of the most terrible weapons at close quarters in the world. It is very sharp and so heavy that it will smash any sword in pieces that I have seen. They use them in the right hand, and a long, heavy dagger in the left. I had one of the many amigos who could handle the bolo go through the motions for me, and it was truly wonderful. The rapidity of his moves was such that the eye could hardly follow them, and all the time he kept a constant guard. The bolo is to cut, no point; the dagger is used to stab, no edge. When these bolo men tried the same tactics on our men that they were accustomed to employ so successfully against the Spaniards, they were killed in large numbers, as our men did not run, but simply shot them. Now so many of these men have been killed, there are fewer of them to a gun, and they are not able to get the dead away quite as well as they did formerly."

"If your servant goes away for a day or two, you can be certain he is with the insurgents and in some fight. It is too common to excite comment here when an officer's servant, who has been absent several days, is found in the insurgents' uniform killed or is brought into our hospital for treatment."—N. Y. Sun.

A BOER MILLIONAIRE.

One Whose Entire Wealth Was Invested in the Paper on the Walls of the House.

"While in Johannesburg I saw a sample of what was probably the most valuable wallpaper ever used in a house," says a traveler recently returned from South Africa. "It was a share certificate in one of the richest gold mines of the Rand. In the early days an Englishman who worked in one of the first mines opened took his pay partly in cash, but chiefly in script or shares of the company. For many years the mine yielded little, and the company was unable to pay dividends. After a time the Englishman got discouraged with working the pick for these nicely engraved, but unmarketable pieces of paper, and left the place for another part of the country, where he continued to work hard for a living, barely making both ends meet.

"The miner's wife used the share certificates, with some odds and ends of prints from papers sent to them, in papering the walls of their cabin, and they remained there as a grim reminder of the hollowness of man's expectations. Things got worse, and the miner and his wife were near starvation, when one day a broker newly arrived from England hunted up the cabin and made an offer for the wallpaper. The price he mentioned was so large as to excite the miner's curiosity, and on investigation he found that he was a large shareholder in one of the most profitable gold mines in the world. He kept his shares, and to-day he is one of the biggest mining kings. But even he probably has had no wallpaper since that time that represented as much wealth as did the covering of the walls of his little cabin."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

TWO BRAVE SCOUTS.

How They Died Almost Together in the Philippines.

Thrilling War Episode Which Made a Strong Impression on Gen. Lawton—A Rare Example of True Courage.

One of the dramatic stories of the war in the Philippines is told in the New York Sun by a young officer, just returned, who was on Gen. Lawton's staff during the Malolos campaign. Lawton related the incident at a gathering of officers in Manila; in his own words it was a thrilling piece of dramatic recitation.

"Soon after leaving Manila," he said, "I entered the enemy's country and was greatly annoyed by their sharpshooters. One morning I had ordered a halt to make a reconnaissance. Sitting on a log some distance in front of where my staff and I were standing I saw a man in civilian's clothes coolly watching the operations. I asked who he was, and one of my staff told me that he did not know, but he had seen the man on the firing line several times, and, although he had been frequently ordered to the rear, he as frequently disobeyed the orders. The lieutenant added: 'He has been continuously in front of our lines under fire, but the men can't keep him away.'"

"I ordered the stranger sent to me and said to him: 'Who are you and what are you doing there?' He replied: 'I am an American citizen; my name is Young. I have been a scout in the Indian campaigns in Montana and the Dakotas, and I thought I would come out here and help the boys out a little.' I recalled his name as one of the men who had done gallant work against the redskins, so I asked him if he could pick 20 men like himself from the North Dakota regiment to serve with him as scouts. He said he could, and I at once appointed him chief of scouts at a salary of \$150 a month. On the way to San



LEANING AGAINST THE BANK.

Yaldro the enemy had crossed the river on our approach and fired the bridge.

"Then Young's men showed their mettle. The brave fellows waded into the water on either side of the bridge, and, using their campaign hats to dip up the water, soon put out the fire on the bridge, while Young and a man named Harrington, his lieutenant, armed only with revolvers, stood in plain sight on the bridge covering them. The brave officers held the bridge amid a storm of bullets till Young fell, shot through the knee. Harrington ran to his wounded leader and with a pistol in each hand stood over him picking off Filipinos. He held his post till the soldiers came up and carried Young off to the rear. Later Young was sent to the Manila hospital. Then Harrington, at the head of his scouts, charged at the Filipinos and drove them out of their trenches, running far ahead of the regular troops until called back by me, as I feared they would be ambushed.

"A few days later Harrington took his men to the front and after a hard march stopped for supper at four o'clock. He sat down, leaning against a bank, and told the men to go ahead and he would come in at mess call. Mess call sounded, but he did not respond, so his men went to look for him. They found him still leaning against the bank, with his head resting on his breast and his rifle lying by his side. A stray mauser bullet had passed through his neck, killing him while he slept.

"The next morning I sent this personal message to Young in the Manila hospital: 'Harrington died at four o'clock last night.' A few hours later an orderly came up to my tent with the message from the chief surgeon of the hospital: 'Young died at four o'clock last night.' So the two brave men had closed their last campaign at almost the same moment."

To the Mercy of the Court.

A youthful graduate of the Harvard law school came west and opened an office in a small frontier town. His first client was a man accused of stealing a horse. The case came to trial before an old judge and a jury composed of bewhiskered ranchers, and though there was no doubt of the guilt of the defendant, he had a regiment of friends who swore he was 40 miles off when the horse was stolen. This evidence the prosecution was unable to break down, and the young lawyer plumed himself on a certain acquittal. The jury retired, and five minutes later was back in court. "Have you agreed on a verdict?" asked the judge. "We hey," answered the foreman, as he shifted a gun he carried on his hip. "We find the defendant not guilty, and recommend the defendant's lawyer, owing to his youth and innocence, to the mercy of the court."

American Salt Supply. The United States imports little salt, nearly all consumed, or about 17,329,291 barrels, being produced at home.

GIANT WOMAN RECLUSE.

Miss Lydia Smith Runs a Farm in a Swamp in Georgia and Has No Use for Men.

The tallest woman in the south, probably, is Miss Lydia Smith, who lives the life of a hermit in the Okefinokee swamp, near the little town of Mudge, Ga. She is six feet and a half in her stockings, weighs about 200 pounds, is 40 years old, and in her youth was doubtless considered handsome, although she now shows traces of age and the hard life she has led.

Miss Smith owns and manages a farm on a hummock in the great and mysterious swamp, where bears, wolves



MISS SMITH AND HER CABIN.

and catamounts are numerous. The nearest community is six miles away, at Mudge, Ga. The farm is cultivated by her without aid from anyone, and her crop last year was one bale of cotton, 200 bushels of corn, ten barrels of cane sirup, 200 bushels of yams, ten bushels of field peas and a quantity of vegetables and melons. She owns several hundred head of cattle and about 50 hogs, which she looks after herself.

She is masculine in her ways, a rough rider, and the best shot with a rifle or shotgun in the Okefinokee region. Many bears, wolves, catamounts, foxes, deer, wildcats, alligators and wild ducks have been killed by her. Miss Smith lives in a dilapidated old log hut. She does not care to receive visits from anybody, and never leaves home excepting for an occasional trip to the market. For 20 years she has been a recluse, in which time she has made a snug little fortune.

When Miss Smith went to Mudge recently to market a load of watermelons she was asked why she did not marry. She flouted her calico skirt, and, with contemptuous air, replied: "Men is no 'count an' mean. They drinks liker an' brags about their bein' s'ich great things, but 'ar ain't none of 'em wuth bevin'. I ain't a hankerin' after marryin', an' wooden have narry man livin'. That's why I is happy by myself."

And she is probably happier than the majority of the "poor white trash" women of the neighborhood, even though no one has thought to christen her "the swampangel of Okefinokee."

STRUCK A BARGAIN.

Mr. Pillson Bought Three Hundred Dollars and a Lamp for Seventy-Five Cents.

Here is an interesting lamp which was sold at an auction recently in Montgomery county, Pa. James Pillson, who thought he had gotten it cheaply—he paid 75 cents for it—was cleaning it for use when he discovered \$500 in greenbacks stowed away in the bowl. Pillson informed the auctioneer, who



THE LUCKY LAMP.

said that as the sale was made on the "blind bargain plan," the purchaser would be justified in keeping the money. Nevertheless, Pillson will communicate with the former owner, Hiram Bender, now in California, who ordered the sale. Bender is a man of means and is supposed to have stuffed the money in the lamp and forgotten all about it. Or, perhaps, suggests a young friend who has the bad habit of using slang, the original owner had "money to burn."

This Was on the Parson.

A story is told by London Tit-Bits of one of the new school of Scotch parsons who was recently preaching in a strange church in a village. Fearing his hair was not properly parted in the middle or that he had a smudge on his nose, he quietly and significantly said to the headie—there being no mirror in the vestry: "John, could you get me a glass?" John disappeared and after a few minutes returned with a parcel underneath his coat, from which, to the astonishment of the parson, he produced, in the form of a lemonade bottle, a gill of whisky, saying: "Ye maupa lat on about it, minister, for I got it as a great favor, and I wadna hae got it ava if I hadna said it was for you!"

VICTIM OF A HORSE.

Mounted New York Policeman Tells a Queer Story.

He Has No Further Use for Treatises on Equine Intelligence and Favors the Use of Automobiles at Times.

The mounted police force of New York city includes one man at least who is in favor of substituting automobiles for the horses now in use. He has been in trouble just once while on the force, and that exceptional unpleasantness was directly traceable to the intelligence of his horse. "Machines have no memory, you see," he said to a Sun reporter. "My horse, on the other hand, has a deuced good memory, as I have had occasion to find out to my regret."

"I had an outlying beat at the time, way up in Morrisania. It was lonesome and discouraging in all kinds of ways, and every time I went over it on the last tour I was full of the same thought—namely, that there was nothing but a saloon with a handy side door that could reconcile a fellow to such a beat. With that thought in mind I was on the lookout all the time, until one ugly night I stumbled over what I wanted. The place was so shabby that no one ever noticed it, but they had drinks there that went right down into the toes. I suspect that the owner had never bothered himself about the formality of obtaining a license, and thus, being unhampered by rules or regulations, he did not see why he should not keep open all night. So he did, night after night, and most of the traffic came to him after dark. There was a barn behind the saloon which was the very place for the horse while the man got warmed up a little. The poor animal was equally protected against the night winds and against evil eyes—those of roundsmen, for instance.

"I began to like my beat fairly well after I had discovered that place, and there was hardly a night when I did



THE HORSE CAME TO A STOP.

not stop there for a few minutes—not longer than necessary to swallow a warm mouthful and get the chill out of my bones. And the roundsman had never any fault to find with me.

"Then it happened on one of my off days that the roundsman's horse hurt his leg just before his master was going to give the men on the last tour a gentle stirring up. And what horse should he happen to take in place of his own but mine. He went in part over the same territory that I had to cover. All was lovely and the horse scrambled along as peacefully as a lamb until he came in front of the saloon and received no hint to stop. The brute's next move was sudden and carried the astonished roundsman sideways in direction of the barn, to which the horse had taken, as eagerly as I to the front part, knowing that there was always some oats waiting for him. A fierce struggle between man and horse followed and lasted until the roundsman—blame his mug—happened to think that the horse must have some good reason for wanting to go in there, and then he let him have his will.

"Oh, it was a dead give away, of course, and I shall not dwell at length on what followed. The roundsman figured out just what had been going on, and the next night he lay in wait for me and caught me, and I tried to bluff it out by saying that it was the first time I went into the place and that I had done so in order to gather evidence against what I thought might be a 'blind pig.' Think how I felt when the roundsman answered, very quietly: 'Then you ought to look after your horse better. I suspect that he has been coming here on his own hook for a long time and police horses have no more right to go away from their beats than he, or their masters. But perhaps he has been gathering evidence, too.'"

"There was nothing left but to make a clean breast of it. The story cost me ten days' pay, and lucky I was not to be discharged. I was transferred to another beat, too, which was ten times worse, and since that time I stop at no dangerous places when I am in company with my horse. No, sir; I have no use for intelligent horses, unless they be intelligent enough to understand a whispered warning to give away nothing."

Billiards in a Tomb.

At Allahabad is a magnificent mausoleum surrounded by three marble domes, wherein Jehangir, the ancient governor of the country, and his two sons sleep their last sleep. For years the tomb has been deserted and abandoned, but recently some English officers of the Allahabad garrison conceived the idea of turning it into a billiard saloon, and accordingly had the interior decorated and lighted by electricity and installed a splendid billiard table. Soon the remains of poor Jehangir will tremble with fright at the joyous shouts of laughter which disturb their repose.

BEAR UNDER HER BED.

Miss Wiswell Fainted, But the Remarkable Incident Revealed a New Brain Trait.

After the late shower had wafted the dust from the woodland foliage, Henry Wiswell, of DeWitt, Me., went to the hillside pastures for blackberries, taking his rifle along in case he should see the old bear that had been killing sheep and scaring the women and children in three townships. He had reached a thicket, and was filling his pail rapidly, when a fat cub darted from under an overturned tree and started to run for the woods. Wiswell had been looking for a young bear for



LOOKED UNDER THE BED.

some years, believing he could train it and make it do duty in place of a watchdog. So he ran out beyond the cub and picked it up in his arms. The little fellow screamed at the top of his voice and scratched and bit furiously in order to get away.

Before Wiswell had cuffed and choked the cub into submission there came an answering roar from the woods, and the mother bear rushed to the defense. Wiswell thought and acted quickly. Placing the cub between his knees and pinching it until it squealed with pain, he took up his rifle and fired. The mother evidently had seen firearms before, for she waited a moment, standing up on her hind feet and shaking her head as if undecided how to act. Wiswell gave a harder squeeze with his knees, and, as the cub made his agony known by loud howls, the mother threw her caution away and rushed on until a rifle ball, hitting her in the mouth, finished her career.

The Wiswell home is a small one. There are two rooms on the first floor, one of which Wiswell's unmarried sister occupies as a sleeping apartment. After the old bear's skin had been treated with alum, salt and red pepper, to keep out the moths, it was spread on the floor by the side of Miss Wiswell's bed. One night after the captured cub had been chained in the barn until it was tame enough to take its food from the hand, Miss Wiswell found a surprise awaiting her when she entered her bedroom. In conformity to a custom which she had followed every night for 20 years, Miss Wiswell looked under the bed to see if there was a man concealed near the wall. She was greatly shocked when, instead of the long-expected man, she saw something big and black and hairy snuffing about on the bearskin mat. She twice screamed, and then fell on the bed in a faint. When her brother had brought her round again, and she had told her story, he made a little investigation on his own account, pulling out a young bear from below the bed.

It was the mate to the captive cub, and it had smelled out its mother's pelt.

AN AFRICAN INCIDENT.

Shipwrecked Passengers Find a Precarious Refuge in a Steamboat Smokestack.

The peril of travel on African rivers is shown in the illustration, which is reproduced from one of the strangest photographs ever taken. The Zambesi river is an African stream which is full



UP IN THE SMOKESTACK.

of sunken rocks and reefs. Recently the passenger steamer Imon struck a reef in the delta of the river, and with only a moment's notice went to the bottom. The lifeboats were lowered and all the women and children were embarked in safety, but there was no room for six of the male passengers. When the boat went down the smokestack projected several feet out of the water, and the men who were left behind climbed up to the top of this insecure perch and sat there all night, with their feet sticking down inside the stack. They were rescued the next morning by a Portuguese ship which happened to be passing.

Custard Pie Association.

Oxford, Me., has a custard pie association, which meets annually in a hemlock grove on the margin of Swan pond and gorges itself with yastard pie. It grew out of a custard pie eating contest between two residents of the town 30 years ago. The match was adjudged to be a tie, the association was formed, and everybody in it now strives to beat everybody else eating custard pie. Secretary John D. Long is a member.

HER LITTLE SCHEME.

It Made Her Husband Happy for the Rest of His Life.

How Robert Marigold Lost His Better Half, a Woman Whose Jealousy Had Made Everybody Uncomfortable.

Mrs. Maria Marigold would have been a happier woman if she had not been so suspicious of her husband. He, good, honest soul, gave her no cause for jealousy—he was, in fact, a quiet, sleepy, steady-going man—and yet she could not bear him even to glance at another woman.

She had pretty servants, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, because she thought that Robert had better be attracted by a pretty face within her domain than out of it, and she was furiously suspicious because he was never out late.

"He's running after those girls," she said to herself a score of times an hour; and yet, although she watched both her husband and them very closely, she never saw the slightest sign of familiarity.

"Still waters run deep," she said to him, and he innocently asked her if she thought it was correct, as he had noticed that the water in the amber Ohio was both still and shallow.

He had a great respect for her wisdom, but this time she did not deign to explain, but walked away, and with a scornful sniff remarked:

"It is easy to turn the conversation when it's not to your liking, isn't it?"

"Really, Maria, I don't know what you mean," he said.

"Don't want to know," she snapped as a parting shot, and for the rest of the evening watched his every movement through the keyhole.

He took up a book and began to read, and did not put it down until nearly midnight, and this made her more suspicious than ever. So when he was asleep she stole down into the drawing-



WATCHED THROUGH THE KEYHOLE.

room and found the book, and commenced to read it.

It was the "Ingoldsby Legends," and she did not find much to feed her jealousy in it until she came to a little tale that told of a lady dying of quinsy, and as soon as her husband thought her too far gone to recover he offered marriage to her maid.

"This is what fascinates the brute," she thought. "He wishes me to die like that poor dear seemed to be doing, and then he'd marry again. The low, cunning, deceitful wretch," and weeping at the thought she went upstairs and woke poor Robert up with her wild sob. Then she thought out a plan, and next day kept to her bed, saying that she was very ill. The doctor could not find the seat of the illness, but the lady rapidly became worse, and insisted on Jane, the prettiest of her maids, and her husband being always in the room with her.

"Now," she told herself, "as soon as he thinks I'm too far gone to recover, he'll propose to the minx, or at least make love to her," and that evening she lay apparently unconscious.

By and by her husband came and looked into her face and shook his head and then called Jane. They tried to arouse her, but she took no heed.

"It's all over, Jane, I'm afraid," he said, with a sigh.

"Poor dear, yes," sighed Jane.

"She was a very good wife to me in a way," he said.

Mrs. Marigold listened intently.

"And a very good mistress, too, sir," said Jane.

"Only terribly jealous," he said.

"And dreadfully prying," said Jane.

"Ah, Jane," he said, "I shall never marry again."

"Oh, it's good time, sir," said Jane, and Mrs. Marigold's ears turned with anger.

"Not for all the money in the world," he said; she's been a lesson to me," and then Mrs. Marigold sprang up in bed, but instead of, like the lady in the "Ingoldsby Legends," reviving with the shock, she died, the staying in bed and fasting having weakened an overstrained heart.

And Robert Marigold, true to his word, never married, and lived happily ever after.

Negroes Run This Village.

Oberton is a village in the Choctaw nation, Indian territory, of about 500 inhabitants, all of whom are colored. The postmaster is a colored man, the notary public is colored, and there is a colored marshal. The town has not yet been incorporated, but likely will be soon, when the entire set of officers will be colored.

An Accommodating Couple.

The most accommodating people in the world live at Hutchinson, Kan. A young couple down there got up at midnight, and were married a week ahead of the announced time, in order to accommodate some friends who had been suddenly called away and who didn't want to miss seeing the wedding.

JOHN WAS TRUTHFUL.

Still His Master Was Perfectly Justified in Considering Him the Prince of Colored Liars.

A Chicago man, who recently returned from the country, had an experience during his absence which demonstrates in a new way that truth is stranger than fiction. Two young negro boys are employed about his country place to take care of the lawn and run errands. During previous seasons the rakes and other implements used on the lawns have several times disappeared, and each time the boys have had some wonderful story to tell to account for their loss. This year he bought a new set of tools, and in turn-



HOW THE RAKE WAS LOST.

ing them over to the boys took occasion to impress upon them the fact that lying is a heinous sin and that he would prefer to give them a little extra money rather than have them sell his property to obtain it. He concluded with the threat that the next boy who told him a fairy story about the loss of his rake would be instantly dismissed. The same afternoon one of the little fellows came up to the back veranda where his employer was sitting, with evident terror depicted on his countenance. "Well, what's the matter now, John?" he asked. "De rake's dun gone," said the boy. "Be careful, now, John, and tell me the truth about it." "Well, I wuz a-rakin' the front yard when a big mad bull, with red eyes, come a-runnin' after me, a-snorin' an' a-bellerin'. It chased me up on the front porch and I tried to drive it away wif the rake and the rake ketchin' in its tail an' it run off down the road, and the rake done gone wif it." The boy was instantly dismissed and his employer leaned back in his chair to moralize on the innate depravity of human nature. A few minutes later a neighbor drove up and asked: "Did you get your rake back yet?" He had seen the whole performance and the little darkey's description of it was lifelike and correct. Consequently, John was sent for and once more installed as the presiding genius of the lawn. And the Chicago man is prepared to believe almost anything that is told him hereafter.

BUCKED A LOCOMOTIVE.

Mad Attack of a Pennsylvania Bull That Was Opposed to Big Corporations.

For some time a large and vicious bull had been annoying the railroad men at Whitford Station, on the main line of the Pennsylvania railroad, and the other evening he became particularly troublesome, driving all the trackmen before him. He would station himself in the middle of the track and charge every man who appeared in sight.

Apparently elated with his success in conquering the men, the bull took it to his head to take a shy at a locomotive.



THERE WAS A LOUD CRASH.

Stationing himself in the middle of the track, despite the efforts of a number of railroad employes to drive him off, he defiantly awaited the approach of a train.

Finally a freight, running at the rate of 15 miles an hour, hove in sight. As it drew near the engineer espied the obstruction, and blew a long, loud blast as a warning for the bull to clear the track. The bull, however, accepted the locomotive's whistle as a challenge to combat, and sent back a terrific bellow in answer. Then he squared himself for a tremendous leap, and as the iron monster came rushing down on him he made the last dash of his life and it was a grand one.

There was a loud crash and the next instant the lifeless body of the bull was flying through the air while the fore part of the locomotive left the track so badly crippled that another had to replace it, and requiring the wrecking crew to set things straight.

When the fireman saw the crash was inevitable he leaped from the engine, while the engineer stuck to his post, thereby averting a wreck.

A Quaint Tea Service.

The Empress Frederick of Germany possesses a very curious little tea service. The tray is made of an old Persian halpenny beaten out. The teapot was once a German farthing, and the many cups are made from coins of different German principalities.

